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Doctor Langdon's Dilemma

BETWEEN FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

By Kate Erskine

THE Doctor was very busy that evening, more so than usual; there had been an epidemic of measles in the town among the children, and to use Parson Brown's expression, "Providence has seen fit to grievously afflict us." The Parson was a thoroughly good man, none better, but he had acquired the habit of laying everything to Providence, and if one should have ventured to speak to him of natural laws, or to have reminded him that the disease in question was brought into town by Mrs. Stimpson's little niece, and possibly not sent directly from above, he would have questioned that person's religious principles, or at least thought him not strictly orthodox. But finally the last visit was made, the last little patient relieved, with cheery assurances of a speedy recovery, and the Doctor sprang into his buggy, turned the horse's head toward home, and gave him the rein.

♦

It was a beautiful evening; the moon shining clear and full, causing the trees to cast [illegible] shadows weird and fantastic across the road, while the mountain plainly visible in the distance. The Doctor, leaning in a corner of the carriage with the reins loosely held in his hand, sat buried in thought. He had much to think of—every good physician has, and his whole heart and soul were in his work.

But this evening they were bent in another direction: old associations were flooding his memory, causing his pulse to beat now slow, now fast, and once a great wave of color passed over his face; he put up his hand as if to conceal it, although there was no one to see. The stars still twinkled cheerily, and the moon now put forth an increase of brightness, which seemed to wrap him alone in its tender light. And so he was carried along until the sudden stopping of the horse and Allan Wycoff's voice roused him from his reverie.

It was a warm welcome that passed between the two men: only a few words, but the strong grasp of the hand and look of confidence told volumes. It spoke of the long friendship of the past, and faith in the present, notwithstanding the years that had intervened since they last met.

Such strong natures as these two had always change as they approach middle life; it is not until they have mingled freely with the world; used it, been used by it; tasted the sorrows as well as the joys of life that they feel at liberty to say, "I think this," or, "I have made up my mind to that," and even then with the air of the taught—never of the teacher. For is not life a continual study, an inspiration? This being the belief and doctrine of both, it was with a considerable degree of curiosity and interest that they looked for the developments sure to take place during the summer months they were to pass together.

"You remember, Allan, that I have often written you of the Sherwins who live here, and of a few of our people who meet at the Sherwins' once a week to have what we term a 'literary evening.' Well, this is the regular night, and I want you to go and get acquainted with those who will form your immediate circle while here."

♦

Dr. Langdon spoke these words with some hesitation, and when his friend had accepted, and they were driving toward their destination, there was the same undercurrent of doubt in his thoughts.

Had it been a wise move after all on his part, this urging his friend to pass the summer with him? Was there sufficient to interest and divert the mind of a man accustomed to such different surroundings; and would the pleasure of having this companion of his youth with him counterbalance his anxiety of mind?

Let us take a look at them while they are busily talking, and first as to their appearance. The moon is just touching Allan Wycoff's face. Five feet nine in height, broad-shouldered and lithe, the kind of man who appears to equal advantage in a tennis or dress suit. Medium complexion, inclining toward the dark; gray, restless eyes, and brown wavy hair and mustache. A strong light shows that the hair is slightly streaked with gray; but that is not always a sign of age, and Allan Wycoff carries his thirty-six years with the youthfulness of air that marked him ten or more years before.

♦

Doctor Langdon is a decided contrast to his friend. Two inches taller when standing perfectly straight—but that he seldom does, having a slight stoop, but without being round-shouldered—he is also broad, and somewhat stouter. Very fair hair and close-cut beard, not of the auburn shade, but the silvery, which has the darker skin, and now that he is tanned, makes it appear still darker. His eyes are a deep blue; quiet eyes, with a kindly light in them. This autumn he will be thirty-eight.

These men had always known one another, first as little fellows at school where they fought for and against each other—in short, conducted themselves as most small boys do, without exactly knowing why they liked or felt drawn toward one another—but as they grew up and entered college this uncertain feeling strengthened into the strongest of friendships, marked with a thorough respect for the views and sentiments of the other, to be accepted or repulsed as his light showed, but never to be scoffed at.

After leaving college Allan Wycoff studied law, and passed his examination for the Bar in such a manner as to cause the old lawyers to shake their heads and warrant him great success in his profession; and this prophecy he had thus far fulfilled, for at the present time he is a lawyer of growing reputation in New York with an already large practice. This summer, however, feeling the need of a long rest, he had come into the country.

♦

Doctor Langdon commenced his practice in Brooklyn, but before the second winter was passed the severe winds warned him that he could not stand the climate and must go elsewhere. How he came to be still in that "heathenish place in the mountains," as his friends called it, after ten years had passed and his health was fully established, was a problem they could not solve; indeed, they had given it up long ago, but a few knew part of his reason for remaining, and suspected the rest. This was, that before the two years had passed which he had pledged himself to remain, he felt convinced that here lay his life-work. In this little mountainous town, surrounded by so many others like it, needing and longing for the services of a good physician—yes, here he would spend the rest of his days, driving over the hills and through the valleys, bringing life to this one and comfort to that one to whom it had been denied.

This decision had not been an easy one. If Doctor Langdon had been enough of a recluse to feel that, outside of his practice, his only wish was to spend his time in study, such a place would have made but little difference to him, but with a social nature craving congenial company when it often could not be had, there must, in consequence, be a great void felt.

The horse stopped before a farmhouse by the side of the road. The clear night showed Wycoff that it was quite large, white, with green blinds, and the light shining from the windows gave it a cheerful, home-like look.

It was a pleasant sight that met their eyes as they entered the room where the others were gathered. Mrs. Sherwin, in furnishing the farmhouse for the summer home, had endeavored to do so in the simplest manner possible and yet give it an attractive, home-like appearance. This she had succeeded in doing with straw mattings, bright rugs, wicker furniture, and other little contrivances for comfort. On the evening in question, the weather being quite cool, a bright wood fire burned in the large open fireplace.

"It is so pleasant sitting around the fire," said Mrs. Sherwin as she conducted the two gentlemen into the room, "that I told the others we would not light the lamps until your arrival."

"And what have we done that we should be deprived of that pleasure? Let us enjoy it for a few minutes," said the Doctor, smiling on his assembled friends.

"Very well, we will postpone lighting them for a while if Mr. Wycoff will allow me to treat his introduction to these people in the same way, for if I should attempt it now there would have to be a repetition or a most confused medley of names and people would exist in his mind. In the meantime Di will find a seat for him beside her."

"Di," she said, turning to her daughter who now approached, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Wycoff; it will devolve on you first to make him feel he is still among the civilized. And you, Doctor," she continued with a laugh, "I shall allow to do as you please."

♦

If it could be said that there was one chair any more comfortable than the others in the room, it was the one Di placed for Mr. Wycoff by the side of the chimney, a little back, so that his face was shaded, but several of the other ladies could see quite clearly. Wycoff wondered whether this was intentional on her part; if it were not a little feminine manœuvring brought about that he might satisfy any curiosity he might have as to their looks before he knew their names. But, however that might be, he felt well satisfied with his position, and leaning back in his chair became lost in a dreamy reverie of his surroundings—an unusual condition for him to be in, but the long journey in the cars, followed by the evening drive with the breeze blowing full in his face, had produced a soothing effect—and he was well content now to remain quiet and only think, while his glance wandered around the pleasant room, resting occasionally on the faces near him.

And so he had really entered Jack's life at last—dear old Jack! And into one of its brightest spots, too, for he knew how he always anticipated the family's coming in the spring; well, he would do all he could while he was with him to make the summer unusually pleasant. Why, it almost seemed as if they were boys again; by putting up his hand he could shut those strangers off from view and only see him on the other side of the fireplace, just as they used to sit at college. Mrs. Sherwin seemed pleasant. "A little loquacious," perhaps, but it was too soon to judge. "And Di?" He did not remember that there was a young lady in the family, but there was a little girl—could it be?—why, of course, he was always forgetting that he was not the only one growing old. This was the little girl he used to hear about, now grown into a charming young lady without doubt. He wondered——

♦

"Mr. Wycoff, did you find your journey to our little village a long and tiresome one?"

Wycoff roused himself, and answered the question put to him by the young lady of his thoughts with the unpleasantly conscious feeling that she had been reading them and that he had been rude in not noticing her before.

"I wonder," she continued, "how you are going to like up here—not only the place, but us—that is, I mean," with a little laugh, "everybody in this room, for we are a regular 'We, Us & Co.'"

"And the Co., I hope," Wycoff returned, "will now include my name."

"Oh, yes, but you do not want to do anything rash; remember you will be held liable. Now, with a full understanding of the risk you run, do you still wish to join us?"

Wycoff signified that even after this warning he had made up his mind to join them.

Only a little passing fun on both sides, enjoyed by each, and then forgotten by one, perhaps; yes, but by the other to be remembered long afterward when its full significance was understood.

The lamps were brought in and placed at either end of the room, the shades to the windows drawn, and fresh logs thrown on the fire. The ladies took out their fancy-work, drew up around the tables, and commenced a little conversation in a low voice among themselves on the usual domestic topics. They did not mind the interruption, however, when Mrs. Sherwin brought Mr. Wycoff up to be introduced; in fact, what woman does object, be she young or old, married or single, to meeting a fine-looking man, fresh from the best the world affords, and with its flavor still pervading his air and conversation.

"Mrs. Allyn, of Boston, Mr. Wycoff; Miss Howard, of the same city; Mme. Vandeville; Mr. Platt," and so on, in the usual perfunctory manner of society introductions.

♦

Mr. Wycoff seated himself beside Mrs. Allyn, thinking as he did so that she was very attractive, and so she certainly was. No one denied it, not even the lady herself. So it was taken quite as a matter of course that Allan Wycoff should seat himself beside her. Miss Howard surveyed them across the table, good old Mme. Vandeville gave a satisfied purr—a queer little noise she always made when well content—and smoothed down the folds of her one black silk. She had known Edith Allyn for twenty years and had loved her with a strong love. It was a pretty sight always to see them together, for Edith returned with equal ardor the warm affection of her old teacher.

"My friends," called out the hostess at this point, "the hour of grace has extended to us this evening thirty minutes—Mr. Wycoff, we hold you responsible for that. It is now nine o'clock, and I move that we proceed to business," and she handed a copy of Browning's Poems to the Doctor. "The Doctor does not enjoy Browning very much," she explained to Mr. Wycoff, "so we think it very good of him to read his poems to us, but before long we shall read something he does like and so try to repay him."

It was a refreshing sight, when she had concluded, to see Mr. Platt come forward, take a chair, and place it directly in front of the reader, determined to do his duty, at least, as a listener.

But this trait was only one of the many that were peculiar in the character of Mr. Platt. He wore, for instance, the same clothes summer and winter; not meaning, literally, that he never replaced them by new ones, but they were always of the same texture—heavy broadcloth—and his boots of the thickest. He had evidently given this subject of dress a great deal of consideration, for ever since he was a young man (and he was now sixty-five) he had never changed it.

Mr. Platt was the brother of Mrs. Stimpson, at whose house Doctor Langdon lived and where the others boarded in summer. He had gone to the city when quite a boy, and by dint of close application to business had amassed a snug little fortune. Every summer, on the first day of July, he came up to Jenkins' Centre, and remained until the twenty-fifth of September: he had made up his mind that was the correct and fashionable time to be away, and so never deviated from it. Everybody liked him for his sterling qualities, overlooking his little weaknesses, so he was always invited to Mrs. Sherwin's with the others, especially as his great desire to be literary had caused him to think he really was inclined that way, besides possessing the critical faculty in a high degree.

It took a reader of strong nerves not to quail as he sat before him with folded arms and a sternly judicial look in his eye. The Doctor confessed that the cold chills ran all over him if he happened to catch his eye, but he usually avoided it.

♦

The evening passed very pleasantly, all entering with interest into the discussion of the different conceptions of the poem, and none with more than Di Sherwin. Wycoff thought her very charming, and Browning seemed rather more interesting than he had ever found him before; he would make it a point to read more of his poetry.

On the ride home the Doctor said that he wished he cared more for poetry, and his face wore a puzzled, uncertain expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Song of the Surf

By Adam Lindsay Gordon

WHITE steeds of ocean, that leap with a hollow and wearisome roar
On the bar of ironstone steep, not a fathom's length from the shore,
Is there never a seer nor sophist can interpret your wild refrain,
When speech the harshest and roughest is seldom studied in vain?
My ears are constantly smitten by that dreary monotone,
In a hieroglyphic 'tis written—'tis spoken in a tongue unknown;
Gathering, growing, and swelling, and surging, and shivering, say!
What is the tale you are telling? What is the drift of your lay?

You come, and your crests are hoary with the foam of your countless years;
You break, with a rainbow of glory through the spray of your glittering tears.
Is your song a song of gladness? a pæan of joyous might?
Or a wail of discordant sadness for the wrongs you never can right?
For the empty seat by the ingle? for children 'reft of their sire?
For the bride, sitting sad, and single, and pale, by the flickering fire?
For your ravenous pools of suction? for your shattering billow swell?
For your ceaseless work of destruction? for your hunger insatiable?

Not far from this place, on the sand and the shingle dry,
He lay with his battered face upturned to the frowning sky.
When your waters washed and swelled high over his drowning head,
When his nostrils and lungs were filled, when his feet and hands were as lead,
When against the rocks he was hurled, and sucked under again to the sea,
On the shores of another world, on the brink of eternity,
On the verge of annihilation, did it come to that swimmer strong,
The sudden interpretation of your mystical, weird-like song?

Mortal! that which thou askest, ask not thou of the waves;
Fool! thou foolishly taskest us—we are only slaves;
Might, more mighty, impels us—we must our lot fulfill,
He who gathers and swells us curbs us too at His will.
Thinkest thou the wave that shatters questioneth His decree?
Little to us it matters, and naught it matters to thee.
Not thus murmuring idly, we from our duty would swerve,
Over the world spread widely, ever we labor and serve.

How the Village was Upset

CONSEQUENCES OF A DOLL'S FUNERAL

IN FRONT of the Stoners' house two little girls, children of a neighbor, were playing with their dolls, when suddenly the younger of them said:

"I'll tell you what—let's play funeral."

"How?"

"Well, we can play that my Josephine Maude dolly died, and that we buried her."

"That will be splendid! Let's have her die at once."

Immediately after the death of Josephine Maude her grief-stricken mother said:

"Now, Katie, we must put crape on the doorknob to let folks know about it. You run over to our house and get the long black veil mamma wore when she was in mourning for grandpa."

Katie went away and soon returned with a long black mourning veil. It was quickly tied to Mrs. Stoner's front door bell; then the bereft Dorothy's grief broke out afresh, and she wailed and wept so vigorously that Mrs. Stoner put her head out of an upper window and said:

"You little girls are making too much noise down there. Mr. Stoner's ill and you disturb him. I think you'd better run home and play now. My husband wants to sleep."

The children gathered up their dolls and playthings, and departed, sobbing in their disappointment as they went down the road.

♦

Mary Simmons, who passed them a block above, but on the other side of the street, supposing the children to be playing at sorrow, was greatly shocked. She came opposite the house to observe the crape on the doorknob.

"Mr. Stoner is dead!" she said to herself. "Poor Sam! I knew he was ill, but I'd no idea that he was at all dangerous. I must stop on my way home and find out about it."

She would have stopped then if it had not been for her eagerness to carry the news to those who might not have heard it. A little further on she met an acquaintance.

"Ain't heard 'bout the trouble up at the Stoners', have you?" she asked.

"What trouble?"

"Sam Stoner is dead. There's crape on the doorknob. I was in there yesterday, and Sam was up and round the house; but I could see that he was a good deal worse than he or his wife had any idea of, and I ain't much s'prised."

"My goodness me! I must find time to call there before night."

Mrs. Simmons stopped at the village post-office, ostensibly to look for a letter, but really to impart her information to Dan Wales, the talkative old postmaster.

"Heard 'bout Sam Stoner?" she asked.

"No. I did hear he was gruntin' round a little, but——"

"He won't grunt no more," said Mrs. Simmons, solemnly. "He's dead."

"How you talk!"

"It's right. There's crape on the door."

"Must have been dreadful sudden! Mrs. Stoner was in here last evening, an' she reckoned he'd be out in a day or two."

"I know. But he ain't been well for a long time. I could see it if others couldn't."

"Well, well! I'll go round to the house soon as my Mattie comes home."

The news spread now from another source. Job Higley, the grocer's assistant, returned from leaving some things at the house full of indignation.

"That Mrs. Stoner ain't no more feelin' than a lamp-post," said Job, indignantly, to his employer. "There's crape on the door-knob for poor Sam Stoner; an' when I left the groceries Mrs. Stoner was cookin' a joint, cool as a cucumber, an' singin' 'Ridin' on a Load of Hay,' loud as she could screech; an' when I said I was sorry about Sam, she just laughed an' said she 'thought Sam was all right,' an' then if she didn't go to jokin' me about my courting Tildy Hopkins!"

♦

Old Mrs. Peavey came home with an equally scandalous tale.

"I went over to the Stoners' soon as I heered 'bout poor Sam," she said, "an' if you'll believe me, there was Mrs. Stoner hangin' out clothes in the back yard. I went roun' to where she was, an' she says, jest as flippant as ever, 'Mercy! Mrs. Peavey, where'd you drop from?' I felt so s'prised an' disgusted that I says: 'Mrs. Stoner, this is a mighty solemn thing,' an' if she didn't jest look at me an' laugh, with the crape for poor Sam danglin' from the front door bell-knob, an' she says, 'I don't see nothin' very solemn 'bout washin' an' hangin' out some o' Sam's old shirts an' underwear that he'll never wear agin. I'm goin' to work 'em up into carpet rags if they ain't too far gone for even that.'

"'Mrs. Stoner,' I says, 'the neighbors will talk dreadfully if you ain't more careful,' an' she got real angry, an' said if the neighbors would attend to their business she'd attend to hers. I turned an' left without even goin' into the house."

The Carbury Weekly Star, the only paper in the village, came out two hours later with this announcement in bold type:

"We stop our press to announce the unexpected death of our highly respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Stoner, this afternoon. A more extended notice will appear next week."

"Unexpected! I should say so!" said Mr. Samuel Stoner in growing wrath and amazement as he read this announcement in the paper.

"There is the minister coming in at the gate," interrupted his wife. "Do calm down, Sam. He's coming to make arrangements for the funeral, I suppose. How ridiculous!"

Mr. Havens, the minister, was surprised when Mr. Stoner opened the door and said:

"Come right in, pastor; come right in. My wife's busy, but I'll give you the main points myself if you want to go ahead with the funeral."

For the first time he saw the crape, and, taking it into the house, he called to his wife for an explanation. Later they heard Dorothy Dean's childish voice calling:

"Please, Miss Stoner, Kate and I left mamma's old black veil tied to your door-knob when we were playing over here, and I'd like to have it."—The Washington Post.

The Daily Bread of the World

SIMPLE FOODS OF ALL NATIONS

IT IS a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In England, says a writer in Chambers's Journal, wheaten bread is within the reach of all, and takes its place so readily as man's natural food that rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, only the inhabitants of a small portion of the earth's surface enjoy such a food. It is only, too, during the last century that wheaten bread has become altogether general in England; for Eden, in his State of the Poor (written in 1797), says, referring to Cumberland: "It was only a rich family that used a peck of wheat in the course of the year, and that was used at Christmas." If visitors came at other seasons they were regaled on thick oatcake. But about this time English laborers in the Midlands and in the South began to refuse to eat common bread—made of wheat, rye, barley, in equal proportions—saying they "had lost their rye teeth," and they demanded wheaten loaves instead. A century earlier than this, barley and rye bread were always eaten. Charles I, of England, speaks of the "poorer sort of people whose usual bread was barley."

♦

But although, at the present day, wheat is used across the mid-temperate zone, in more northerly districts, and in some parts of Germany, rye replaces it. Rye bread is less nutritious than wheaten, and has a more distinctive flavor. The well-known German "Pumpernickel" is rye bread. Although at first its dark color and sour, curious taste render it unpalatable to English folk, yet, if compelled to eat it for a short time, they acquire a distinct liking for it. In the remoter parts of Sweden the poorer people only make and bake their rye cakes twice a year, and store them away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Farther north still, barley and oats become the chief bread-corn. But it is in the bleak barrenness of the far north that the ingenuity of man steps in to provide himself with bread.

In dreary Lapland, men would starve did they trust altogether to grain; so they eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of the pine; and the two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes, cooked in a pan over the fire, and thus form very good bread. In more dreary Kamchatka, the pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread-food. Bread and butter to a young Kamchatkian is represented by dough of pine-bark spread with seal fat—not a very appetizing combination, to English notions. And not only the bark of the pine is thus utilized for food; the dwellers in certain parts of Siberia cut off the young shoots, and grind them down to form their flour.

♦

In Iceland even the hardy pine is wanting; but the Icelander declares that "a bountiful Providence sends him bread out of the very stones." He scrapes a lichen—the Iceland moss—off the rocks, and grinds it into fine flour, which serves him both for bread and puddings, and also as a thickening for his broth. Thus, truly, has stern experience taught him to live where most would starve. In the sterile parts of Russia, in Pennsylvania, China, and other Eastern countries, buckwheat—the seed of the brank—is pressed into man's service. Usually considered only a food for the lower animals, it still makes a fairly palatable bread, although its dark, somewhat violet tinge creates a prejudice against it. As we pass from the mid-temperate zone southward, we find new bread materials appearing. In parts of Italy and Spain, chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal, and used both for making bread and thickening soup. Millet is a grain of much service in the south of Europe; while certain varieties known as "durra" and "sorghum" furnish a very white flour, making capital bread, to the natives of India, China, Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor. Millet has a further interest for us because it is credited with being the earliest grain used in the art of bread-making, an art so ancient that its origin is lost in obscurity. The most primitive bread was simply a tough paste made by mixing flour, water and milk.

♦

Rice is another grain whose serviceableness in this respect has been recognized from a very early date. Solomon's well-known saying: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days," is generally believed to refer to rice, on account of the method followed in its cultivation. And the metaphor becomes clear when we reflect that rice is sown in Egypt while the water of the Nile is lying on the land; and in China it is even cultivated on bamboo rafts covered with earth, and fixed in the middle of a river or a lake. Rice is still the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese, and the inhabitants of many parts of India, and is also largely used in Mexico and some parts of the New World. Rice is not so valuable a food as some other cereals, as the proportion of the nitrogenous matter (gluten) contained in it is less, but it is very easily digested, and is eaten in large quantities by those who depend upon it as the food of their daily life.

♦

Before we turn our attention away from the grains which serve as the basis for bread, some reference must be made to the maize or Indian corn. The native place of this most useful plant is somewhat of a mystery. The Americans claim it to be indigenous with them; but nowhere has it been found growing wild in the New Continent, although the earliest explorers found it in cultivation among the aborigines. Neither was maize apparently known to the ancient Romans and Greeks; nor do we find in the records left by the first travelers in the East any mention or description of a corn at all resembling maize. It is now, however, very widely cultivated, not only in America, but also in Asia, Africa, and the south of Europe—France particularly. In Mexico, the preparation of maize bread is very primitive. The husks are removed by hand; the corn is then soaked in hot water and lime for a night. The following day it is placed on a stone and ground with a roller. The Mexican women then make it up into flat loaves, known as tortillas.

But although grain of various kinds—that is, the fruit of different species of grasses—supplies by far the larger part of the world with bread, yet, just as in the regions of extreme cold substitutes have, perforce, been found for it, so, too, in the tropics other breadstuffs claim our attention. Thus, in the Molucca Islands in the Indian Archipelago, the starchy pith of the sago palm—or "liberty tree," as the natives call it—furnishes a white, floury meal. This is made up into flat, oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each oven being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves. Bread is also made from roots in certain countries of the world. Thus, Stanley in his African travels found the principal food of the natives below the Paya Falls to be derived from the tubers of the manioc or cassava plant—the plant to which we owe our tapioca. The South America natives likewise use it.

♦

The manioc tubers are a fatal poison when they are eaten in the raw state, but a good and nutritious food if steeped in water previous to using. The right way to prepare this bread is to soak the white, soft roots several days, thus washing out the poison, pick the fibres out, dry, grind into flour, and make into small, round loaves. These have a sweet, insipid taste to Europeans. From the pith and roots we now pass on to succulent fruits serving as bread. First in this category is the banana. This plant grows with great luxuriance in the tropics, and its cultivation is one of the simplest kind. It is also stated that, so far as the actual productiveness as food is concerned, the banana surpasses all other plants; and given a certain area of bananas and a similar-sized area of wheat, a far larger number of persons can be supported on the former than on the latter. The unripe fruit is dried in the sun and reduced to flour, and the sweet bread therefrom is excellent and very nutritious.

The plantain, a near relative of the banana, though with a richer and more luscious fruit, also serves a large portion of mankind for bread; in fact, the banana and plantain are the chief food of millions in the tropics. The plantain fruit is not, however, usually reduced to meal, but, instead, ripe fruit is roasted or boiled, and then eaten as we eat a loaf of wheaten bread. It is said that three dozen plantains are equivalent to the amount of bread required by one man during a week. Thus, in such luxuriant regions, a "struggler for bread" is unknown to these favored people; and yet, perhaps, the gain is not all on their side, for, probably, it is to this very struggle that we owe our greater civilization.

♦

By far the most remarkable fruit, from the "bread" point of view, is that which bears the very name of bread-fruit. It is indigenous to the South Sea Islands, and the chief support of their inhabitants; in fact, not only does it furnish them with bread, but also with clothes made from the fibres of the bark, timber, fuel—parts of the flowers—and its milky juice serves as a cement. The tree is of medium size, with a beautiful green foliage and spreading branches. It belongs to the same botanical order as the fig, and it is also closely allied to the nettle. The so-called fruit—really a spurious form—is pale green, large, and round; it has an outer rind, an inner core and a beautiful white pulp—the edible part. This fruit is cut in pieces, roasted, and eaten, soon after it is gathered. If kept, it becomes tough and unpleasant. When eaten at its best, it is said to much resemble new bread, though rather tart.

The Turning of the Tide

THE STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN

By Florence Stacpoole

CHAPTER V

SWEET is revenge—especially to women," wrote Lord Byron, and Harriet Steet was enjoying both the present and the future prospect of this sweetness. Beatrice was married and gone, and, as Miss Steet thought triumphantly a week after the wedding, "Just in the nick of time!"

For—oh, the irony of fate! the very day that Eric and Beatrice had started for Birmingham news arrived from Santiago that John Burton was dead. He died intestate, for he had never done a stroke of business after the railway accident occurred which had robbed him of his sons, and accordingly the whole of his property came into the possession of his brother Robert.

Harriet, although a staid young person, very much inclined naturally to primness of demeanor, almost vaulted over an armchair in the dining-room, which stood in her way, in her hurry to get upstairs after reading the telegram.

The greed of avarice was upon her, and no hoary-headed miser ever contemplated his pile of glittering sovereigns with more enthusiastic delight than Miss Steet did in her day-dream of the wealth that was now her "darling grandfather's," and would some day—perhaps soon—be hers.

♦

Poor old Mr. Burton was undoubtedly ailing, and he had been confined to his bed ever since the day when Beatrice had been called in from under the lilac bush to receive his consent to her marriage with Eric.

Miss Steet was—in imagination—already expending thousands a year on mansions, carriages, horses and jewels. Old Mr. Burton, however, took the intelligence more calmly. He was grieved for the loss of his brother, and irritated by the exultation which no effort of Harriet's could entirely repress. He felt ill, and no amount of wealth can make one particularly lively when suppressed gout is hovering about one's system.

"I'll not move out of this till I feel quite strong, Harriet; so let me hear no more about it!" he replied testily, when his granddaughter had tried to induce him to write to an agent respecting a country place.

"Have you written to Eric and Beatrice?" he asked presently. "Have you let them know?"

"Oh, yes, grandpapa dear!" she answered glibly. It was a falsehood, however, and she was determined that she would keep the news from them as long as possible.

Suddenly a thought struck her. With all her astuteness one idea had hitherto escaped her mind during the rejoicing at her grandfather's accession to his brother's money.

"What if he should die before he makes a will leaving it all to me!" And, like the proverbial "bucket of cold water," it came with an icy chill upon her hopes. "How do I know but that he may go off quite suddenly?" she asked herself in an agony of terror. "I'll go in the morning and see Doctor Bailey; he hasn't been here for a day or two. I wonder what the man means by neglecting so important a patient? I'll give the Doctor a good shaking up."

To put her threat into execution, and also to have an opportunity of asking the medical man his candid opinion as to Mr. Burton's health and his chances of living, she proceeded the next day to pay him a visit.

"If his opinion is bad—and I'll drive him into a corner and make him tell me," she said to herself as she rang the bell—"I shall send for the lawyer and get him to draw up grandfather's will without delay!"

♦

Her eyes positively glowed from the excitement of her suppressed emotions, and the servant-girl who opened the Doctor's door seemed frightened.

"Is the Doctor in?" demanded Miss Steet imperiously. She was always imperious, not to say rude, to domestics.

"Yes, miss," replied the maid demurely.

"Then tell him at once that Miss Steet wishes to see him immediately!"—and she bounced into the hall.

As her voice was neither low nor sweet, its tones had the effect of causing the door of the study to open suddenly. Its occupant, thinking that there was something wrong, came out hurriedly.

Then Harriet gave a decided gasp, for, instead of sheep-faced little Doctor Bailey, with his long nose, round spectacles, and faded hair, she found herself face to face with a tall and very handsome young man, the possessor of a straight Grecian nose, bright, piercing, dark eyes, and curly brown hair.

"Will you come into the study?" he inquired. There was a mixture of good breeding and careless nonchalance in the young fellow's manner, which gave the finishing stroke to Harriet's discomfiture.

"I called to see Doctor Bailey," she explained, speaking in very different tones from those with which she had addressed the parlor maid who had opened the door.

"Doctor Bailey is from home. He was called away suddenly to see a dying relative yesterday morning. I came down last evening to look after his practice during his absence. Won't you sit down?"—and, with an easy grace very unlike Doctor Bailey's fussy ways, the young Doctor pointed at a chair and sat down himself.

"I came," said Miss Steet, disposing herself and her flounces in as elegant a manner as possible upon the stiff, upright cane chair provided by Doctor Bailey for his patients, "to speak to the Doctor about my dear grandfather."

"Ah," he ejaculated in a tone that he tried to make sympathetic, although he had the greatest difficulty in keeping himself from laughing aloud at her hypocrisy.

♦

The young Doctor was by no means a fool. He had heard Miss Steet's address to the servant at the hall door. The study door had been open, the passage was a small one, and Harriet's voice being loud it would have been impossible for him to have missed hearing it.

"And what, may I ask, did you wish to say to him?" inquired Doctor Bailey's representative when he felt that he could trust himself to speak. "If I can give any advice in the matter, pray command me."

"Oh, you are very good!" gushed Harriet. "I feel so uneasy about my dear grandfather, and I wanted so much to ask Doctor Bailey his candid opinion as to his condition—he has been attending grandpapa for some time."

"Well, I had better come and see him, hadn't I?" inquired the young Æsculapius, rising and turning to the table as if for his note-book, but in reality to avert his face, for he again felt a strong inclination to laugh.

"Oh, yes! Please do!" cried Miss Steet eagerly. "Can you come now? Will you walk back with me?"

"He is ever so much handsomer than that odious Eric!" she reflected; and, during the short space of time that she was awaiting the Doctor's answer, she had commenced building a castle in the air, which, however, would have fallen as quickly as a house built of cards if she had known the thoughts of the young medical man.

He had no engagements at all, and was absolutely free till seven o'clock. But he was saying to himself, "Walk home with her! No, thanks." Aloud, he said:

"I should be delighted, I'm sure; but I must see a patient first, and after that I will come at once."

Unfortunately, medical men are as prone to subterfuges as other members of society.

♦

CHAPTER VI

THE view which greeted the eyes of Beatrice when she looked out of the window of Eric's office, on the morning after their arrival in Birmingham, was most depressing.

Beatrice had never, during the eighteen years of her life, been in such a street. She had always lived in pure air, in a clean, country village, among quiet, civilized people. She had never been in a slum and knew nothing of cities.

"Oh, Eric!" she murmured; for, to their unspeakable surprise and horror, the cab had drawn up in the middle of this squalid, dingy street, at a house exactly like any of the other dirty tenements which surrounded it, only that the centre of its door, which was not standing wide open, like all the others in the street, was adorned with a battered and weather-worn brass plate, still bearing the title of the man who had just retired—"Doctor Higgins."

Eric was horror-stricken. While his vehicle had been crawling through the street he had thought this was but a disagreeable short-cut to that in which the house and office stood, but here it was! There was no doubt about the matter; there was the name on the door, and this was the house; these—the shrieking Arabs of the slums—were his patients!

Gregory Hardcastle's peculiar expression that day recurred to Eric's mind, and the rush of blood to his face, as he realized that there was hardly a doubt that he had been tricked, almost blinded him.

There was no doubt at all on the subject the next day. When Doctor Kenlis went round the neighborhood and inspected the books, he found himself the victim of a fraud, or, rather, downright robbery, of which he, in the uprightness of his nature, could not have conceived the possibility.

"Why, sir, I wonder at your coming into the place—I really do!" said an honest little butcher who carried on business at the corner of the street.

Eric, having found no drugs nor appliances of any sort in the apothecary shop, which was part of the purchase, no doctor nor any sign of him, and only a coarse woman in possession of the house, had come out to try to find a neighbor who would give him some information. He had understood that Doctor Higgins would be at the house to meet and "introduce" him to his patients.

"I really do!" repeated the butcher.

"Why?" asked Eric. He could not utter more than a monosyllable.

"Because, sir, coming into the place on top of Doctor Higgins, so to say, people will fight shy of you. Didn't you know Doctor Higgins?" the butcher queried.

"No," was the reply, "but I have bought his practice."

"Bought his practice! Why, of course you know there was no practice to buy!"

♦

Eric actually felt the nausea that usually precedes a fainting-fit, and only by a powerful effort of his nature—which, though impulsive, was by no means weak—overcame the tendency to swoon. The thought of Beatrice alone in the filthy house with the drunken woman served to brace him up. How could he give way while she needed protection?

"Tell me," said Eric—"please be so kind as to tell me everything! I am an absolute stranger—I've never even been in Birmingham till this evening!"

"Well, sir, the fact is, Doctor Higgins was a real bad lot! He had a little practice to begin with, but, what with his muddlin' ways, his goin' in debt all over the place, and his treatment of any patients he did get—breakin' a jawbone here, and settin' a broken arm all crooked there, and not comin' to bad cases when he was wanted, and so on—he very soon lost it all. Why, there's not a house within a mile that would trust him to attend so much as a sick cat! There's heaps of 'ospitals and cheap dispensaries all over the place, you see, sir, and there's no need for folk to put up with such treatment; so the end of it was he was sold out."

"Sold out!" repeated Eric, aghast. "But where has he gone? He has actually robbed me! I will have his name struck off the medical list! I can surely bring him to justice and make him refund the money he has got from me by false pretenses!"

"Yes," remarked the butcher dryly—"yes, you can—when you catch him!"

Eric started, for he had forgotten that important point. In spite of police, telegraphs and telephones, it is not always an easy matter to trace defaulters.

"Is no clew to be had as to where he is gone?"

"Not a ghost of a clew!" exclaimed the man. "He was gone several days before any one knew he had really left. I suppose that tipsy woman he left in charge was well bribed, for she kept saying, 'I expect 'im in every minute,' till at last, when she got very tight, she let out 'e was off for good!"

Then Eric realized that it was both undignified and useless to proceed any further with the conversation, and that Beatrice was alone with the "tipsy fagot," so he took leave of the good-hearted little butcher, who gave him what, although it is cheap, is not always to be had—sincere sympathy.

♦

"Dear grandpapa, I am delighted to see you looking so much better this morning! Why, you are looking really well!"

This was the address, in a very mellifluous voice, with which Harriet Steet greeted her grandfather every morning as she opened the chintz curtains which surrounded the four mahogany posts of the great old-fashioned bedstead.

For fully a fortnight the old gentleman had heard the same remark, uttered in the same cheerful and honeyed tones, and it was beginning to irritate him.

"Looks are deceitful things," he grunted.

"Oh, but you are better! Doctor Hardcastle says you are, darling grandpapa!"

"Does he?" This was said even a trifle more morosely.

"Yes, and he is very clever, and I know he thinks a little change would do you good, dearest grandpapa!"

"Who told you he was very clever? Himself, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, grandpapa—no, indeed!"

"Then how do you know it?"

There was an awkward pause. In truth Harriet could not answer the question, for she knew nothing about the matter. Her grandfather was sharper than she thought.

♦

"How do you know it, I ask? Not from his treatment of me, for I'm not a bit better for all his powders and pills, though I've been taking them a full fortnight now! Out of this I don't stir without Doctor Bailey's leave! And as to that young whippersnapper you think so mighty clever, I'd as lief as not he never came near me again. Now, leave me alone for a while!"

There were several things in this abrupt command which seriously disturbed Miss Steet's equanimity, as she retired discomfited to her darning of stockings. First, her grandfather's resolve not to move vexed her. Second, she was shocked that Gregory Hardcastle—for it was he who had undertaken the post of substitute for Doctor Bailey—should be looked upon as a "whipperanapper" by any one—least of all by her grandfather. Concealed within her own breast was a profound admiration for handsome Gregory. Here, indeed, was a worthy successor to the false—so she designated him herself—and recreant Eric.

♦

The idea of Mr. Hardcastle's not coming again, and of her grandfather's words—"I'd as lief as not he never came near me again!"—was so appalling that for fully a minute it really swept from Miss Steet's recollection the third cause of disturbance which had agitated her mind—the utterance of the words, "Now, leave me alone!" He had never expressed himself so to her before, and it was now the time when she particularly desired that he should not do so, because Harriet had made up her mind that on that very day she would introduce a vitally important subject—to wit, the making of the will.

Yes, Miss Steet had resolved that she must speak about it. It was now more than a month since Mr. John Burton had died in Santiago, and his brother had inherited his property, and here they were, going on just as if nothing of the kind had taken place. During that time her grandfather had never moved out of his room.

"After all I've done for him," she muttered, "he never thinks of securing the money to me! He never for one moment considers that if he popped off I should only have share and share alike with the others!"

From constant brooding over the matter she had imbibed the idea that she ought to be sole heiress, and she was determined that it should be so.

"Will-making is a simple matter," she thought, "when only one person's name is involved. If it is written on a sheet of note-paper, and signed by two witnesses, it is just as good as if drawn up by a firm of lawyers."

♦

This was plain and straightforward enough; the question, however, was to get Mr. Burton to write what his granddaughter required. The two witnesses were easily obtainable, as no doubt Doctor Hardcastle and the cook would act; the great difficulty would be in introducing the topic and getting Mr. Burton to do as she wanted.

"Old mule!" she thought. "The idea of his talking to me as he did!"

It is always surprising and tantalising to characters like Miss Steet's to find that their services can be dispensed with.

The next morning, when her grandfather had finished his breakfast, and she had plied him well with hot buttered toast and new-laid eggs, she began her attack. She omitted the customary eulogy upon his improved appearance, and was very quiet and unobtrusive. But when she had read his letters to him, skimmed the cream of the titbits of news that the newspaper contained, and discussed the money market and its prospects, she remarked in a solemn tone:

"Wealth is a great responsibility, grandpapa."

"I've never been troubled with much of it," returned Mr. Burton gruffly.

"Oh, but you will now, dearest grandpapa, and take your station among the magnates of the land"—Harriet loved grandiloquent words—"and you will be surrounded by everything that money can purchase!"

"Yes," replied the old man bitterly—"when I can't enjoy it! It has come when I have no appetite for it."

"Oh, dear grandpapa, don't say such things—please don't! You make me cry so!"—and her grandfather really believed her to be in tears.

"What a mercy he can't see!" she ejaculated mentally.

"Well, well!" he replied. "Stop crying, my dear—tears never prolonged life!"

♦

The truth was that the old gentleman felt the loss of Beatrice's cheerful presence and sunny nature. Though her Cousin Harriet had supplanted her in actual attendance, there had been an atmosphere diffused throughout the house by the younger girl's presence which the old gentleman missed, although he scarcely realized what it was that he felt the want of.

"Now, how am I to begin," she thought, "while he is in this horrid humor?"

"I am sure," she at length remarked, "I've done all I could possibly do to make you comfortable, dear grandpapa."

"Yes, I know you have," he admitted, although grumpily. There was not, Harriet considered, the tenderness in his voice which her efforts demanded—certainly not the tone which would indicate a frame of mind in which she might easily induce him to make a will in her favor.

While she was deliberating on this point, and trying to frame suitable words with which to renew the attack, she was astonished by her grandfather requesting that she would sit down at once and write a letter to Mr. Robinson, his lawyer, asking him to come as soon as he possibly could, as he—Mr. Burton—wished for a personal interview.

"But why, dear grandpapa?" she asked. "Why not let me write and give him your instructions? I fear that the excitement of

talking to strangers may be too much for your strength, when you are ill."

"No, it won't!" the old man declared.

"But can't I tell him what to do? Would it not do for me to write?"

"No, it wouldn't! This writing must be done by an attorney and signed by myself."

"What can it be?" Harriet's curiosity got the better of her prudence and prompted the question.

"You said that wealth is a great responsibility," he answered, "and that reminded me of a duty I had nearly forgotten. Now that this money has come to me I want Mr. Robinson down to prepare my will!"

♦

CHAPTER VII

AFTER his conversation with the butcher Eric felt that every hope of his life was shattered. As he threaded his way back through the filthy street, it seemed to him that the one and only solace that remained to him was the mutual love that existed between him and his young wife. Beatrice, looking anxiously at her husband as he came in, noticed the change that had come over his face. He was a different-looking Eric from the gay, light-hearted fellow who had been chattering over the great future that lay before them as the train sped from the seashore inland, and who had jumped with such alacrity into the cab which was to bear them to their new home. He was white and haggard-looking, and when the excitement of getting the horrible serving-woman out of the house was over, she realized that something terrible had happened.

"Dear Eric, you are used up! Wait, and I shall have some tea ready in a minute!" and taking his head in both her hands, she patted it gently and hurried out of the room.

The young wife made her way down a dark and rickety staircase to the lower part of the house, hoping to find a fire and a kettle. In a rusty, dirty grate were a few ashes, evidently the remains of a fire long since expired, but not a vestige of kettle, coal or wood was to be seen.

Beatrice searched through the basement and came across mice and spiders in plenty, and turned over piles of old bottles, but anything clean, whole or serviceable in the way of utensils for the making or serving of an ordinary cup of tea she could not discover.

She stood for a minute as if she had received a violent blow; she felt giddy, faint and cold in spite of the sultry heat of the day. Then she recovered herself and said:

"Beatrice, now is the time to assist him! Don't be stupid, or be a burden to him! You must not go under the waves—now is the time to rise with them!"

She spoke to herself as if she were talking to and encouraging a stranger. Then she put her hand in her pocket and drew out her purse. Her grandfather had given her a wedding gift of one hundred dollars. He had hoarded this for years, so as to make her a present when she came of age, but when her marriage was fixed he had forestalled her majority and given it to her then.

♦

With the greater part of this she had purchased a simple bridal outfit, but she had a few dollars remaining. She remembered, as they passed in the cab, having seen shops at the end of the road, where she could purchase what she wanted. Without going upstairs, where she knew that Eric would question her as to the state of things below, she went out by the area-door, up the side steps, into the street.

Beatrice hurried down the mean little street, the slatternly women and filthy children actually staring in astonishment at the marvelous vision of rose-color and white that flitted so swiftly past them, a sight to which, poor things, they were unaccustomed. Arrived at a crowded little shop, where—what with the goods piled over the floor and the children of all ages, sizes and degrees of dirt—there was hardly room to move, she began her purchases.

They weren't many, but she did the best she could, and carried them home herself, entering the house as she had left it.

Very shortly afterward, having found a big, rusty tray—which, in default of a tray cloth, she had covered neatly with a big sheet of paper—she pushed open the dining-room door, and appeared with a toothsome little "high tea" laid out upon it.

When the tray touched the table Eric looked up and saw his sweet, fair-faced girl-wife still holding the tray, which was laid out with a careful daintiness that could not have been exceeded if it had been borne in by the most dignified butler. Her eyes were full not only of the love she felt for him, but of the most tender commiseration and a noble, courageous sympathy which made her countenance seem almost heroic.

"Beatrice, my darling, my poor girl!" Eric exclaimed, starting up. "Have you been doing all this while I was sitting here doing nothing? Oh, my love, have you had no one to help you? This is indeed a most terrible home-coming!"

The nerves of the young man nearly gave way, for he was on the point of tears.

"Dearest," said Beatrice, putting her hands on his shoulders and looking into his eyes with love and compassion showing in her own—"dearest, I had to leave you alone for a few minutes. I am the housekeeper now, you know. Come along and have tea."

She spoke gayly, hiding her own fears under the cheerful words.

"My darling, how shall I tell you what I have heard, what we have to face, and all the trouble I've brought you into?" and Eric's voice trembled.

"You shall tell me everything, dear, but not till you have had your tea. I won't listen to a word till that is over!"

♦

Harriet Steet wanted her grandfather to make a will, but she desired that it should consist merely of two lines, leaving everything to her unconditionally.

When Miss Steet had sufficiently recovered from her amazement at the words, "I want Mr. Robinson down to make my will," uneasiness began to stir within her.

"Dear grandpapa," she said to him, "why trouble about such dreary things as wills?"

"Because every one ought to have his affairs in order in case of sudden illness," replied Mr. Burton—"especially a person who is under the doctor's hands already."

"But you are nearly well, grandpapa."

"Even apparently healthy people are taken ill suddenly."

"Oh, but even in that case it is always easy to make a will! You only want a sheet of note-paper and two witnesses, and there are always the servants at hand."

Harriet unwittingly, like most over-clever people, showed that all the preparations for will-making had occupied her mind, and she was too much engrossed with the subject to notice a rather knowing twinkle in the old man's eyes.

"It is just as good a will—one made simply and without fuss," she continued—"as if you had a hundred Mr. Robinsons."

"Nevertheless, I want you to write for this one Mr. Robinson."

"I won't write if I can help it," she resolved. "I'll divert his mind, and perhaps he'll forget. Then some night, when he feels ill, I'll frighten him into making it."

"I wish you'd put down your work and write that note!" cried Mr. Burton peevishly.

"But there is no hurry, dear grandpapa!"

"There is this hurry—that the mail goes out at one o'clock, and I wish the note to go with it. Will you sit down and write it at once, Harriet!"

This was not put in the form of an interrogatory, but as an imperative command.

Harriet rose, for there was no use—and she was too wise to attempt it—in further contesting the question. But her lips were drawn very tight, and she had made her resolve. She would write at his dictation just what her grandfather had desired, but the note should never go!

♦

When the answer became due she would read one—Mr. Robinson could postpone his coming, or a hundred things might happen in the meantime. In fact, she was going to invent a letter explaining the delay, and then read it aloud. Possibly she had already had practice in this accomplishment. Just as she obediently took the pen in her hand to write at her grandfather's bidding, Doctor Hardcastle was announced.

Miss Steet rose in a bashful flutter.

"You're welcome, Doctor!" the old gentleman said cordially. "Will you do a little errand for me? I know Doctor Bailey keeps a good horse."

"Pray, command me, sir!" replied the Doctor, wondering what he wanted.

"Well, will you ride to Bridgend and send a telegram for me? It's three miles off, but you know we've no telegraph-office nearer."

"But what do you want to send a telegram for, dearest grandpapa?" inquired Harriet anxiously. "I am going to write. Why trouble Doctor Hardcastle, who is busy?"

"Oh, I'm not so busy to-day, Miss Steet!" remarked Gregory, laughing. He fancied he could detect something too eager in her manner, which evidently meant more than the mere desire to save him trouble. "And, as it happens, it is not the least trouble, for I am going to Bridgend now to see a patient, and it won't take me one step out of my way, as I shall have to pass the office."

"Thank you, my boy!" returned Mr. Burton. "And, perhaps, now, you would save my granddaughter a little bit of trouble? Will you fill in a telegraph-blank to my dictation? There are plenty on the table."

"Willingly!" replied the Doctor promptly. He could not have said exactly why, but he had conceived a profound dislike for Miss Steet, and he saw that the taking of this telegram by him would annoy her.

♦

When, however, Mr. Burton proceeded to dictate the telegram, and Doctor Hardcastle found that it was to a lawyer, requesting him to come down at once to draw up the old gentleman's will, his countenance became grave. He wrote as requested, and put the paper carefully in his pocket, and dispatched it with his own hands.

"Will you do me one other favor, Mr. Hardcastle?" inquired the invalid.

"Certainly!" answered Gregory.

"When Mr. Robinson arrives, can you come and witness my will?"

"With great pleasure!" responded the medical man, who little thought under what circumstances he would so soon be called upon to fulfill his rash promise.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Early Failures of Successful Men

DEFEAT TRANSMUTED INTO TRIUMPH

By William J. Lacey

IT IS interesting to learn how some men have surmounted difficulties, and in spite of what seemed overwhelming odds against them have achieved success.

Henry Irving was a defeated beginner. The first part he took on any stage made him so nervous that he could not speak without stuttering. His friends assured him that it was impossible he should ever make an actor. Still he persisted, and at Sunderland obtained leave to play Cleomanes in A Winter's Tale. He managed it for four acts moderately well, but in the course of the fifth he had to face the audience alone. The ordeal robbed him of presence of mind and memory; prompting did not avail, and he left the front a disgusted, crestfallen actor. He was told to go back to the desk and the ledger. But Irving took doggedly in hand the task of self-training, and went on heroically, step by step, to the head of his profession.

♦

It was the same with Richard Brinsley Sheridan when he entered the House of Commons and hoped to win the laurels of the orator. His maiden address, like Disraeli's at a later date, was a *fiasco*. He was not even paid the compliment of serious criticism by foes and rivals. They believed that it was safe to banter and deride him. The sneers served the purpose of hardening Sheridan's resolve. He grappled with his problem, and soon had incontestably gained the ear of the most fastidious assembly in the world. In less than seven years his indictment of Warren Hastings was declared by Burke to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united of which there was any record or tradition."

When Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper was first fired with the ambition to paint, the conditions were unfavorable. He was a Canterbury coach-builder's apprentice. At twenty he came to London, and was soon a busy student in the schools of the Royal Academy. But the sky darkened. His means came to an end, and the kinsman with whom he lodged declined to support him during his term of probation. The young man's path seemed barred. In sadness and chagrin he had to return to Kent and to his coach-building. But his pluck and courage soon carried him away to study in Continental cities, enduring privations with a brave heart. The day arrived when he was again in London, painting and selling his pictures at rising prices. He was on the road to fame. Success in art seldom comes at once.

It is stated that Mr. Walter Crane's pictures were rejected by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy for ten years in succession. Yet at the present time Mr. Crane's genius cannot be doubted.

♦

No publisher could be found willing to negotiate for the earliest book of Hans Christian Andersen. The young author was, however, upon his mettle. He had wrestled with difficulties since he was fourteen years of age, gradually overcoming them. He found means to produce A Journey to Amack at his own risk. And the public bought up three editions in a few weeks.

Jane Austen met with disheartening rebuffs and failures at the outset of her literary career. When Pride and Prejudice was offered to a publisher a refusal came back by return of post. Northern Abbey was sold for the meagre sum of fourteen pounds, and then, after lying by for several years as too worthless to print, was resold by the original purchaser at the same nominal price. But the unpromising start did not daunt the talented authoress. She pressed on to the goal of success.

William Huntsman, the clock-maker, who by introducing cast-steel gave an immense impetus to the trade of Sheffield, was foiled at first. He received rebuffs instead of thanks and praise. The cutlers of his adopted town refused to use the new material. They would not be persuaded of its advantages. Defeat was the inventor's lot. But it only caused William Huntsman to launch out further. It resulted in a wider knowledge of his discovery. The benefits flowing therefrom were placed within the reach of foreign artisans. Fresh manufacturers were more enterprising than the men of Sheffield. They bought cast-steel readily. Soon a superior class of cutlery and tools was in the market, the supremacy of British trade in this department was endangered, prejudice was forced to reconsider its position, and the inventor was vindicated.

Charles Dickens wished to appear on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, and had gained the first step of an appointment with the manager. Opportunity promised fair. But he was frustrated by a trivial circumstance. A severe cold in the head kept him at home when he should have waited on the great man. A postponement was inevitable, and Dickens was keenly disappointed.

Before David Livingstone went out as a missionary he was placed for a time under the tuition of the Rev. R. Cecil, of Ongar, in Essex. A minister of Stanford Rivers, an adjoining village, was suddenly seized with illness, and could not conduct his usual evening service. He sent to Mr. Cecil for help, and Livingstone at once went over. The young missionary probationer announced his text, but got no further. He could not utter a word. Without excuse or remark he came down, took his hat, and vanished. Says the minister in whose stead he ought to have preached: "This was the man who afterward was not afraid of men or lions!"

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Oliver Goldsmith, one of the sweetest of English writers, was trained for medicine. He presented himself at Surgeons' Hall to be examined. His purpose was to secure the unambitious post of hospital mate. But he was rejected, and the record in the college books runs, "James Bernard, mate to an hospital; Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto." In about eight years The Vicar of Wakefield saw the light. The original failure had been complete, and momentarily disheartening; but genius had transmuted it into a golden service to English letters.

William Makepeace Thackeray was ruined by ill-considered bank and newspaper speculations. A solid income of nearly five hundred pounds a year had vanished. He tried to obtain a footing as an art-master in Paris, but it was a discouraging business. Then he turned to letters, and by-and-by Vanity Fair began to appear in monthly numbers. When the eleventh was issued, the Edinburgh Review called attention to its marvelous power, and the reading public understood that a new master had arisen in fiction.

The commercial crisis that culminated with the Black Friday of 1866—the time of the Overend and Gurney bank crash and its many attendant mischiefs—swept away the modest fortune of Richard Anthony Proctor. He was reduced to poverty. And from those dark experiences of loss and failure he dated the commencement of a new and successful career. He found scope and opportunity for his special gifts in astronomy and scientific literature. The victory did not come immediately. It was slow work pushing a path through the door of defeat. "For five years," he said, "I did not take one day's holiday from the work I found essential for my family's maintenance. . . . I would willingly have turned to stone-breaking on the roads, or any other form of hard and honest but unscientific labor, if a modest competence in any such direction had been offered me." He had to print and issue his Handbook of the Stars by the aid of friends; no publisher would take it. But he held his course, and at length his ability was fully recognized.

When John Lathrop Motley determined to be an author, it was to novel-writing that he looked for success. He failed disastrously. With great good sense he accepted the adverse verdict of competent critics and gave his thoughts to different work. An article on Peter the Great in a leading review was well received, and Motley soon became an acknowledged master in history.

"Tell Louisa to stick to her teaching; she can never succeed as a writer," said James T. Fields, editor of The Atlantic Monthly, to Bronson Alcott. When Miss Alcott looked at her rejected manuscript and heard the message she said, "Tell him I will succeed as a writer, and some day I shall write for the Atlantic." Not long after she sent an article to the Atlantic and received a check for fifty dollars. Her father was calling upon Longfellow some time after this, when Longfellow took the Atlantic and said, "I want to read to you Emerson's fine poem upon Thoreau's Flute." Mr. Alcott interrupted him with delight and said, "My daughter Louisa wrote that."

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Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has transmuted failure into triumph. His boyhood and youth were stormy and troubled. His father died, a broken man, when the lad was twelve. Young Clemens had to glean an education as best he could. When he was a little older he went "on the river" as a steamboat pilot working between Saint Louis and New Orleans. Then he went to the Nevada mines. He was "seeing life," but not otherwise prospering. Mr. W. D. Howells observes: "He failed as a miner, . . . but the life of the mining camp yielded him the wealth that the pockets of the mountain denied; he had the Midas-touch without knowing it, and all these grotesque experiences have since turned into gold under his hand." Before long he was contributing humorous sketches to various periodicals. Mark Twain caught the ear of the crowd, and began to enliven literature East and West.—From Masters of To-Morrow, published by The Religious Tract Society.

A Day With the Sultan

By One of His Admirers

ON A HILLSIDE three miles from Stamboul stands a kiosk, humble and obscure. Above its modest roof the cypresses wave, while between their rugged trunks one catches a glimpse of various guardhouses, watch-towers and barracks, all included within the limits of the park, and, penetrating further, one would come upon the shores of the Bosphorus. This is Yildiz, where the Representative of God upon Earth, the Commander of the Faithful, Sword of Allah, Caliph of the Moslems, elects to dwell. Lord of a hundred stately palaces of marble, master of scores of charming summer residences, able on the instant to make his own any building in the Empire on which his eyes have rested with pleasure, Abdul Hamid, for reasons which need not here be stated, yet prefers as a home this suburban villa to any other in his realm.

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The life he leads within its walls is one which would make the haughty lips of his magnificent predecessors curl with wondering contempt. How should they understand a Sultan who works from sunrise to sunset; to whom indolence and luxury are alike unknown; in whose existence no pageant, no parade, finds a part; who often allows years to pass without signing a death warrant; who casts no second glance on the beauties from Circassia or Georgia presented by those who wish to do him pleasure, and who pays little more attention to such as are already within his harem? Of what use to be a Sultan if he profit in no way by the privileges of his position? Thus might we imagine some haughty Selim or Mohammed saying as he brooded in spirit over little Yildiz, and then swept away to glance at Dolma Bagtchi.

However, a truce to further preamble, and let me proceed at once to give the record of the Imperial day: At dawn His Majesty rises from the pile of rugs and cushions thrown onto a mattress on the floor, where he spends the night. In ancient days an astronomer would watch the stars in order to discover the auspicious moment for the Sultan to leave his couch. The first hour of his day—and this hour is a long one—Abdul Hamid devotes to the ablutions prescribed by the Koran and to prayer. Then follows a light meal of black coffee, biscuit, and a handful of dates, partaken in solitude. Rarely, if ever, does any one see the Sultan in the act of eating; over those State banquets to which he often invites the Foreign Ambassadors or distinguished visitors from the West, he merely presides, watching carefully to see that the wants of his guests are fulfilled, but partaking of nothing himself. Then follow several hours of uninterrupted and assiduous labor.

The Sultan signs no document till he has mastered its contents, and this alone to many would be the occupation of half a day, but His Majesty is a quick and experienced worker, and he runs through his dispatches as rapidly as we should peruse a morning paper, while the comments he makes upon them to his Ministers prove that the survey was no mere form. Translated extracts from foreign newspapers are next laid before him, and these His Majesty studies with deep interest. Much of the early morning work is performed entirely alone, though secretaries await their orders in the adjoining room, being summoned into the presence by a clapping of the Imperial hands.

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At noon the papers are set aside for an hour, during which the Sultan drives through his park, or is rowed on the lake within its walls. He seldom moves about on foot, preferring to spend his moments of recreation in that absolute quiet which he calls his "Kief." He is generally accompanied by his Chamberlain, but a word is rarely exchanged between the two; the dreamy, half-closed eyes of the monarch are fixed languidly on the scene around him, while the eternal cigarette between his thin and well-cut lips affords him all the entertainment he requires. The Sultan is the most persistent worshiper of the weed in Europe; except when at his orisons, he never ceases to smoke, and he often interrupts his dinner by lighting a cigarette between the courses.

The hour over, a magic change takes place in the Imperial countenance, Oriental apathy fades, and the truly Western energy which lies beneath it comes to the fore. Solitude is done with for the time, and intercourse with the outer world is to be resumed. The first to obtain audience are the Ministers of State, who are come to report progress on various matters; then follow those who have petitions to prefer. "No one ever comes near me unless he wants me to do something for him," remarked His Majesty, somewhat pathetically, on one occasion. Various religious functionaries next present themselves—muftis, imams, and so on. Perhaps the Scheik-ul-Islam himself may ask admittance. After that His Majesty tackles the representatives of the Foreign Powers—a mysterious race of men, to understand whom is the great endeavor of his life. He must sometimes wish sincerely that the custom by which his predecessors imprisoned refractory Ambassadors in the Seven Towers had not fallen into abeyance. Next creep in, one by one, those who for courtesy's sake we will call the Agents of the Secret Police. This one reports that he discovered some official paying a call in his private capacity to an attaché of the Russian Embassy. That one states that an Armenian has been stabbed by one of his own compatriots, and that it is proposed to lay the crime at the door of a son of Osman. A third whispers that a well-known young bey spends most of his leisure hours at the "reunions" of a certain fascinating hostess of the Jewish persuasion, and so on; for nothing must be hidden from this Imperial Know-All.

When the door closes behind the last visitor, the Sultan passes into the garden by the small private door, of which he alone makes use, and once again enjoys an hour in the open. At the dinners which he gives from time to time European ladies are often present, and he treats them all with a chivalrous courtesy, on which they never fail to comment favorably on their departure. Sometimes his kindliness takes a more substantial form, and he bestows on his fair guests clusters of diamonds for the hair, or bracelets, which he asks permission to himself clasp on the slender wrist. On the evenings when the Sultan does not receive, he retires at eight o'clock into the harem. Here he will spend hours in playing with his children, to whom he is devoted. His elder daughters sing and dance for him, and he will hold long, intimate conversations with his foster-mother, to whom he is devoted, and on whom the distinguished title of Valideh Sultan has been bestowed.

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It is said that the Sultan is often on terms of apparent intimacy with Europeans. However pleasant and friendly this intercommunication may be, the representatives of the two races nevertheless remain poles apart, as the following anecdote will show: The Grand Duchess of ——, to whom he had complained that his health was not good, said to him: "Why, Sire, do you not take more exercise? Why not drive through your beautiful forest of Belgrade, or go in your kaik to the Marmora or the Black Sea?" "Why should this woman desire my death?" the Sultan is reported to have said, somberly, when repeating this conversation later. "What harm have I ever done her, that she should advise me to run recklessly into such dangers?"—Westminster Budget.

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Worth a King's Ransom

TREASURES IN DAINTY CHINA

By Foster Coates

THIS dainty china plate that I hold in my hand for a brief moment is worth $250! I am visiting Dr. W. C. Prime, the essayist, editor, author, and the eminent collector of china, and my host is aglow with pleasure as I praise the delicacy of the platter and the artistic skill of the man who made it. I spend a delightful hour with him inspecting his collection. Dr. Prime has given a collection of rare china, embracing 4000 pieces, to Princeton University, and it is now safely housed in a building especially erected for it at a cost of $50,000. The collection in his home at present is really magnificent. Among the pieces is a dinner service of the period of Louis XVIII, decorated in jonquil and gold, otherwise called canarian gold. The decorations consist of a vast variety of objects of table use and dinner accompaniments—different articles of food, spices, plants, and musical instruments. This service consists of twelve dozen plates, three dozen soup plates, three large tureens, about seventy deep dishes, etc., and two centre vases for ices.

There is also a breakfast service in Sèvres of the period of 1775-6-7, consisting of sixteen soft-face plates decorated by Taillandier, De Choisy, Le Bel, Mme. Gerard, Vavaseur, and other distinguished Sèvres artists of the last century.

There is also a very pretty little déjeuner service in Sèvres of the period of 1780, with decorations by Baudouin and Viellard. Another déjeuner service of old Dresden in white and gold is of the time immediately succeeding Böttger, the earliest period of pure white porcelain.

Dr. Prime has in constant use an old Berlin dinner service consisting of about one hundred and twenty pieces, four vases, and plates with open-work borders, centre decorations, bouquets of natural flowers, butterflies, and insects; three or four dessert services of Wedgwood ware; a very charming old Spode breakfast service, one of the finest specimens of this factory's most delicate work; a full tea service of Volkstadt; a Wallendorf after-dinner service; a dessert service of old Worcester; two old Sèvres dinner services; an old breakfast and tea service of the Lowestoft, decorated with the American eagle; several different services of plates, of old Staffordshire ware, decorated in deep blue with American designs, and a déjeuner service of Dresden of 1790, tooled with all the skill and delicacy of the ablest artists in gold and colors, and the borders as rich and very much resembling the finest work of the bookbinders.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these services. The plates are worth anywhere from $100 to $250 each, and the sets from $1000 up to $15,000 and over. But the value of china, and especially old china, is regulated by the demand for it. As the old factories never manufactured anything in duplicate, each service or piece is extremely desirable and naturally increases in value on account of its being unique.

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The collection of Mrs. Robert Hoe, Jr., is extremely choice in its admirable specimens of oriental porcelain. Its egg-shells, crackles, and celebrated blues are not to be excelled. The Chinese have lost the secret of the superb blue that once decorated their tableware and vases. Many discoverers of decorative materials and new processes environed them with so much secrecy in their life-time that the art of which they were the exclusive possessors died with them. Mrs. Robert Hoe, Jr., has also some fine old Dresden ware which is the envy of many.

The most beautiful tea service, and the most costly in America, is the one belonging to Mrs. George C. Genet. It is safe to say that there is no service in the world that surpasses it. It is a historical service. Mr. Genet's father, Citizen Genet, was once Minister from France to this country, and married into the Clinton family. The service came over with him and descended to Mr. Genet.

Another historical piece of china is in the possession of Mrs. Hosack. Her husband, while in France, was on intimate terms with Louis Philippe. When the latter was confined in the Tuileries, he bartered some rare pieces for money, and of these Dr. Hosack secured one or two, which still remain in the family's possession.

Last year a dinner service was brought over from France for Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt valued at $15,000. This is but one specimen of an admirable and rare collection.

Mrs. August Belmont is the owner of some handsome china, including a set of Dresden decorated with cherubs and birds which cost at least $6000; a beautiful set with wide dark-blue borders, of which the after-dinner plates are painted with portraits of the thirteenth century, and are worth one hundred dollars apiece. She possesses some fine glassware, made to order at a cost of $100 a dozen.

Mrs. William Astor uses with her world-renowned gold dinner service a set of china with a very wide Royal blue border, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other celebrated artists. She has also some very heavy Bohemian glass with raised medallions of different-colored glass.

A tête-a-tête Sèvres set belonging to the late Mrs. W. W. Astor is decorated with landscape painting, and is estimated to be worth about $1000. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt owns an old Sèvres set of 1767 said to have come from a French castle, and valued at $5000. Mrs. Samuel Sloane has some rare old china. Her favorite after-dinner plates have dark-blue jeweled edges and cost about $1000 a dozen. Mrs. Henry Clews' dessert plates are of a white ground with exquisitely painted figures, and are worth about $1500 a dozen.

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The late Mr. Ward M'Allister owned an exquisite set of old and new Dresden. The last-named was made at the Royal manufactories, near Dresden, and was copied from the Duke of Hamilton's famous china set. There is a wide band of dark blue on the edge, bordered with gold and exquisitely painted cherubs on the top of the covered dishes, combined with the monogram in gold. The old Dresden is still more beautiful, having a narrow border of blue with a tiny edge of old Mott gold.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, whose extravagant entertainments have been the talk of two continents, has a collection of china for her table that is worth an enormous sum. Several pieces once belonged to Prince Demidoff, and are of rare old Vienna. The painting is in flesh tints, with portraits of beautiful women that seem to breathe of life. One tête-a-tête set is valued in the neighborhood of $500.

John Hoey owns some of the most valuable Sèvres and Minton in the country. There are a number of particularly striking pieces painted in the different shades of brown, several dozen plates dating back to 1790, which is called the Marcelena period, and one old Sèvres set with predominating colors of blue and gold. It was made in 1761, comprises one hundred and thirty-seven pieces, and is valued at $5000.

Mrs. Henry Sloane owns a set of Staffordshire ware of real old English shape. The decorations are panels of plain color with panels of flowers. The set is worth $700.

Mrs. I. V. Brokaw has a very fine Sèvres dinner service of five dozen plates and a number of dishes, tureens, etc. The service is decorated in all colors and is very pretty. She has also a Dresden tea service, a Chinese tea service, and several specimens of rare old china. Her cut glass is very fine. She has a few specimens of Venetian, but the costliest are some goblets made to order by Baccarat, of Paris, patterned after originals kept with scrupulous care in the Louvre.

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Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan has procured some exquisite glasses to accompany the magnificent gold dinner set which was presented to Mr. Morgan by the New York Central Railroad Company. This glass is of Bohemian ware, resembling fine point lace. With the set is a red glass with white foot, used for white wine.

Some of the finest Venetian glass in the country is owned by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer. A beaker which was purchased in Italy years ago, and which was originally part of an old collection, is in ruby, gold and white, and is a foot and a half high. This unusual size for old Venetian adds greatly to the value of the piece.

Within the past ten years not a few of the secrets of the art of the old Venetian glass-makers have been brought to light. But the method by which they gave unrivalled lightness to their crystal wares so far defies discovery.

Mrs. Franklin Delano owns some exquisite glassware of a clear crystal with gold edge, a gold filagree band, and a white band in delicate glass lace-work.

In addition to these there are scores of other families in New York who own valuable china and glassware, accumulated through many generations and very costly.

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No Limit to Human Vision

THERE is absolutely no limit to the normal vision if the sight be unobstructed, says a writer in the Popular Science News. Yet we can see the stars, which are trillions of miles away, while we cannot see a tree twenty miles distant. Why? It is true that all objects diminish in apparent size in a direct proportion to distance, but that is not the only reason. The chief reason is that our vision is obstructed by the curvature of the earth. It is often a matter of interest and importance to know how far we can see from any given height, or, conversely, how far one must be above the earth to see an object at a given distance. The exact calculation of these figures would require the use of very complex formulæ, but for practical use, two very simple rules will suffice. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one-and-a-half times the height of the observer in feet above the surface, and conversely, the height in feet to which an observer must be placed to see a distant object is equal to two-thirds the square of the distance in miles.

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For instance: The observer is in the rigging of a ship one hundred feet above the water, how far distant is the horizon?—that is, how far would an object floating in the water be visible before being hidden by the convexity of the earth? One-and-one-half times one hundred is one hundred and fifty, and the square root of one hundred and fifty is, approximately, twelve and a half; therefore, the horizon is twelve and a half miles distant. As the deck of smaller vessels, like pleasure yachts, is rarely more than ten feet above the water, it follows that the limit of vision from that point is less than four miles in every direction. An illustration of the second rule may be given as follows: A building is thirty-three miles away; how high a hill must one climb in order to be able to see it? As the square of the distance equals one thousand and eighty-nine, and two-thirds of that number equals seven hundred and twenty-six, it follows that we must climb a hill seven hundred and twenty-six feet high before we are able to see the building, even with the most powerful telescope.

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Usually, however, the height of the object, as well as that of the observer, must be taken into consideration, but this simply requires the duplication of the problem. For instance: The Washington Monument is five hundred and fifty-five feet high; at what height must an observer fifty miles away be in order to see the top of it? Supposing the observer to stand upon the ground, we find by the first rule that he could just see the top twenty-nine miles away, and to overcome the remaining twenty-one miles, due to the convexity of the earth, he would, by rule second, have to climb to the height of two hundred and ninety-five feet. If we apply similar calculations to the Eiffel Tower, the highest artificial structure in the world, we obtain some interesting results. Assuming the height to be just one thousand feet, we find that, standing at the top, we enjoy a circle of vision bounded by a horizon about thirty-nine miles distant. From the summit of Mount Everest, the highest peak in the Himalayas (twenty-nine thousand feet), one could see nearly two hundred miles, provided the air was clear enough, which, however, would, perhaps, rarely be the case.

That Walk Through the Wheat

TOGETHER we walked in the evening time,
Above us the sky spread golden-clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through the fields of wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way.
But he was near, and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessed days to be;
Close to his arm, and closer I pressed,
The cornfield path was Eden to me.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade,
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his infolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depth of my eyes and said:
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of life
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."—
Good Words.

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The Manganetus Index

HOW A MINE WAS BOOMED

By Sam Davis

THE most extraordinary newspaper I have ever had any knowledge of was a paper published up in the Sierra Range about fifteen years ago—The Manganetus Index—says Mr. Davis in the San Francisco Examiner.

The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail-box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival.

It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements, and had a bright, bustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of Manganetus, as well as of the man who edited the paper.

He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and in everything transpiring in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of bewildering rashness.

I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often wondered why it was that the editor was not some time mobbed or murdered.

At last my business took me in the vicinity of Manganetus, and I decided to make the editor a call.

It was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was located, and I spurred my horse up the steep mountain, thinking of the warm bed and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying.

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My mind was full of the Slavin House, a hotel of very superior accommodations, which advertised liberally in the Index, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing.

"Only a mile more," I said to myself, as I thumped my weary beast with a good-sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poor horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I persuaded myself that each mile was the last.

Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkle from cottage windows that in the darkness tell the traveler of the town, but the night crept on, a little faster, perhaps, than the horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting I walked, stiff and lame, to the cabin and hammered on the door.

A little, bent-up man, with a wrinkled, leathery face, came to answer, and as he opened the door cautiously, I noticed that he had a cocked pistol in his hand.

Seeing the pistol I said, "Here is civilization."

After the little man with the big pistol had surveyed my famished face and tired horse, he opened the door a little wider, and then, swinging it back, with a smile somewhat apologetic in its character, invited me in.

"How far to Manganetus?" I asked.

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He looked at me in a rather queer way, and then bit his under lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

"Is it far from here? Can I reach it to-night?"

"Hardly think you can make it to-night," he replied in a tone that puzzled me somewhat. "Can't you stay all night?" he added. "Better stay; you can't possibly make Manganetus to-night."

I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for I was soon absorbing the heat of a cheery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression, and possessed a wonderful fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains.

While wondering who this odd character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of some one rapidly folding newspapers.

My ears did not deceive me, for in a few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and handed my companion a paper, which he at once passed over to me. It was damp from the press, and I read the title:

"THE MANGANETUS INDEX

"'By industry we thrive.' Devoted to the material interests of Manganetus. Subscription, $5.00 per annum, payable in advance."

My host smiled as he handed me the paper.

"Then the town is here," I said. "Let me go to the hotel; the Slavin House, I believe. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stranger."

"You will remain here, sir," he replied. "I blush to confess it, but this is the town of Manganetus, and this cabin is the only habitation for twenty miles."

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I stared at the man in astonishment.

"You may well be puzzled," he continued. "But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are anxious to place upon the London market. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a way that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing here. See?"

I nodded vaguely, and he went on:

"My imagination is not sluggish, and so I manufacture all I write. I leave no stone unturned to make the mythical city of Manganetus a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting called to discuss the question of a bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the Index. Here is the daughter of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the City Council; here is a runaway team, knocking the smithereens out of a cigar store. You will note the advertisement of the cigar store in another column. Here is the killing of Texas Pete and the investigation of his death by a coroner's jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of a mining location of fabulous richness. There is, also, in another portion of the paper, a legal summons advertised calling on a co-owner (one of the principals in the affray) to do his assessment work or lose his interest. All my work dovetails nicely in, has a plausible look and shows no flaw, yet it is all absolutely made from whole cloth."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," I said to him.

"This country is full of extraordinary things," he quietly replied.

"Where does this edition go?" I asked.

"Clara, bring me the mailing list."

I glanced over the list, and saw that it embraced the leading banking houses of London and New York, as well as the centres of finance and mining. My own name was oddly enough on the list. About a hundred copies were mailed, and every one went where it would do the most good. I found that my friend edited the paper and did the typesetting, and his daughter was learning the art.

"I have no companions except my little daughter—and the town of Manganetus," he added, with a smile.

I passed a very comfortable night. The roar of the wind through the pines and the rocking of the cabin had a deliciously soothing effect, and I lay in bed thinking and resting until nearly morning before I slept.

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My friend, the editor, was very talkative at breakfast. He never alluded to his name, but he told me more of the paper and the enjoyment he had in building up a town in the clouds from a purely imaginative basis.

"To-morrow," said he, "I start out on horseback to the nearest mail station, and leave my bundle of papers in the hollow of a tree until the mail buckboard comes along to take them.

"In a few weeks they are being read in London and New York, and the parties in each of these cities who are handling the sale of these mining properties are backed up handsomely by my editorial statements."

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The Earliest Standing Army

THE earliest standing army in Europe was that of Macedonia, established about 358 B. C., by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. It was the second in the world's history, having been preceded only by that of Pharaoh Sesostris, of Egypt, who organized a military caste about 1600 B. C. Of modern standing armies, that formed by the Turkish Janizaries was first, being fully organized in 1362. It was a century later that the standing army of France, the earliest in western Europe, was established by Charles VII, in the shape of *compagnies d'ordonnance*, numbering nine thousand men. Rivalry thereupon compelled the Nations to adopt similar means of defense. In England a standing army proper was first established by Cromwell, but was disbanded under Charles II, with the exception of a few regiments called the Life Guards, or Household Brigade. This was the nucleus of the present army which, though practically a standing army, is not legally so, being in reality regularly provided for according to law, from year to year, by the annual army act.

The Sunset of Mrs. Stowe's Life

THE AUTHOR OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN HER HOME

By Florine Thayer McCray

IN TWO PARTS:—PART II

MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE sat with folded hands looking toward the sunset, apart from the stern questions which had passed away and others whose oncoming scarcely disturbed her quiet retreat, she found inexpressible comfort in the thought of the future life, and profound comfort in anticipations of the splendor of God and the state called Heaven. Though she had early in life cut from her the theological fetters which appeared to bind many good people to a helpless disregard of the claims of suffering humanity, she saw no occasion, when free to use her liberty, to run to extremes, or to fly to the bounds of a liberalism which ignores the sweet comfort of true religion.

In answer to an inquiry as to her religious belief, Mrs. Stowe wrote, in March, 1888:

"*Dear Madam:* As to my religious belief, it is embodied in the Apostles' Creed given in the Episcopal prayer-book. As to the practical use I make of it, I refer you to my writings—particularly Uncle Tom's Cabin and my religious poems. I have all my life sincerely endeavored to mould my life in accordance with these beliefs. H. B. STOWE."

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Mrs. Stowe's health was much impaired by the care of her husband, who had been for several years an invalid, and his death, which occurred in August, 1886, affected her very deeply. The "dear old Rabbi," as George Eliot affectionately termed him, was buried with a well-worn copy of the Greek Testament—which, with a copy of Faust, in the original, had for years been his constant companion night and day—clasped in his hand, and his thick staff, which he called "Saint Jerome," stood by his coffin.

Mrs. Stowe was unable to go to Andover, where the interment took place, and for some weeks she was seriously ill. But soon her strength returned, and though expressing herself as considerably more interested in the "other side of Jordan," where so many of her friends waited, she resumed life with cheerfulness and patience. Again she walked about the streets, stopping frequently to accost men who worked upon lawns, or, perchance, in ditches, all of whom answered the observations and questions of the queer little old lady with a pleasant heartiness which was but the reflection of her own good humor, mingled with the feeling of tenderness which her pathetic expression of face, worn and indescribable, but sweet with sympathy, always elicited.

She arrested her steps to replace a blanket upon a shivering horse, or speak to a child; or, if it were summer, to gaze long at flowers and climbing vines, which she, without hesitation, walked into private grounds, even to the very door, to see. She was well known to the gardeners who had charge of the well-kept estates in the vicinity of her home.

A little scene, which the writer witnessed, was characteristic of the woman. She passed along the sidewalk and paused to speak to a marketman's horse, an animal which was particularly knowing and astute, and walked in the most businesslike manner possible from one to another of his customers' residences, while the man delivered his orders. As the man went out to drive "Billy" to another place, Mrs. Stowe said to him, "I am glad to see, young man, you haven't any blinders on this good horse. They are cruel." The man responded modestly, and Mrs. Stowe said, looking at him kindly, "I would like to give you something to show how I appreciate your kindness to this horse. I have noticed it before. Have you a copy of Uncle Tom?" It was in this way that she usually referred to her great book.

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The man replied that he had not, that he had read the book—he borrowed it from a friend—but he had not been able to buy it. She asked him to call at her house, and the next morning presented him with the book, upon the flyleaf of which was inscribed her name, with pleasant words.

"I tell you," said the man afterward, "there ain't money enough in Hartford to buy that book from me."

Mrs. Stowe's sense of humor, which was one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Beecher family, never failed, and sometimes flashed out most unexpectedly from what had now come to be her habitual preoccupation and sadness. One morning, when, after a brisk walk to overtake her swift footsteps, and the writer's flushed face and panting breath attested to the difficulty in catching her, a fact which evidently gave her great satisfaction as I protested that I knew she was putting on extra speed because she saw me coming, she turned, and glancing at my rather bright bonnet, said, "Oh, no. If I had seen that fire-red velvet bow, I should have known who it was, and waited."

"I am afraid you do not like it," I said.

"Well," she replied with a droll curve of her pursed lips, which always was the precursor of a jocose remark, "it is pretty, and becoming to you, but one would hardly care about carrying a red light, like a horse car."

Upon the occasion of Mrs. Stowe's seventy-fourth birthday the writer called at her house with flowers, as a modest token of remembrance of the day, and was received by one of her daughters, who said her mother was spending the day with her brother at the north end of the city. The school children in that district had prepared special recitations in honor of the event, and Mrs. Stowe and her sister, Mrs. Hooker, attended the exercises, which consisted of readings and quotations from her works, and singing. It was a happy day for Mrs. Stowe, ending with dinner at her son's house, and an early return home. Many remembrances and good wishes had been received during the day.

The death of Mrs. Stowe's dearest brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was a crushing blow to her. Theirs were twin minds, as near and sympathetic in their lines of thought and feeling as is possible in human nature. Two large photographs of Mr. Beecher were to be seen in Mrs. Stowe's parlor, and her references to him were always in a tone of deepest affection. There was only thirteen months' difference in their ages; the memory of their close childish associations, their enduring similarity of tastes and feeling, their mutual agreement upon every question which touched the welfare of the human race, their common faculty (a direct inheritance from their father) of piercing through the husks of creeds and customs to the kernel of truth, to the sweet life at the heart of many unattractive conditions; and the memory of their united work for humanity, in abolition, in politics, in temperance, in religion as a part of their life, combined to knit them closely together in spirit. They had not met often of late years, but their correspondence was maintained, and each always felt sure of the other's sympathy in all things.

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Next to Mrs. Stowe's heart, in the days of her decline, was her sister, Mrs. Hooker—the youngest sister, the beauty and affectionate pet of the family, the sister most like, in her intellectual development, to Harriet and Henry—one of whom Henry used to say that she whetted his mind as no other associate could do. To Mrs. Hooker's house Mrs. Stowe went every day, making her a confidante, and bestowing upon her much of the affectionate demonstration which had been in their youth repressed. Her care and love was the solace of Mrs. Stowe's fading life, and her voice, singing well-loved hymns, soothed the irritated nerves of the sufferer.

Harriet and Isabella Beecher were born heart-friends, and theirs was a double tie, that of consanguinity and spiritual affinity. As in the case of her father, Harriet Beecher Stowe's last illness, which took the form of a mental malady, first displayed itself in the loss of memory relating to proper names and the chronological order of events. Even while she appeared physically vigorous, the nervousness incident upon fixing her mind upon any subject greatly increased, and she began to fail to recognize people whom she met, sometimes saying to a stranger who regarded her attentively, "Do I know you? I cannot remember your name."

During the last period of her life she failed rapidly in mental clearness, and in May, 1888, she began to be unable to retain solid food, being much enfeebled in consequence. Her walks became less frequent, her quick, nervous steps were now slow and unsteady. It was apparent that Mrs. Stowe was failing, and her daughters and her son, who temporarily gave up his parochial work to devote himself to her, went with her to Sag Harbor, Long Island, where, in a quiet, retired farmhouse, secure from intrusion, she passed the summer, once, at least, riding over to East Hampton, which was the scene of her father's first pastorate before she was born.

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An attack of congestion of the brain, resulting in sub-acute meningitis, reduced the aged woman to death's door, and her life remained for days hanging upon a thread, but a few weeks later she had so far recovered that she was removed to her home in Hartford. Her condition was that of extreme nervousness, which occasionally amounted to frenzy, but as she grew weaker day by day, her suffering abated, and she returned to the state of a child, with all its instinctive longing for affectionate caresses. One day she said to her sister, "Belle, how many kisses have been wasted in this world! I mean those which were never given."

So, clinging helplessly to her children and younger sister, the great soul, who was possessed of grand literary genius, and the many admirable, loving qualities which, at such a time and in view of the imminent change, immeasurably transcend it and the worldly fame it brings, went down to the river we call death, on July 1, 1896.

The Ghost that Came Between

THE EVE OF DICK'S WEDDING

By J. S. Fletcher

DICK finished his tea-supper with a sigh of deep contentment. He smiled as he looked at the round of cold pressed beef that stood before him. There was something about its diminished size that seemed to appeal pathetically to the empty eggshells which flanked it. Dick smiled again and lifted the teapot. He waved it at the pictures, as he had seen his mother do many a time, and then essayed to pour liquid from its black spout into his cup. But the teapot was empty; it seemed to groan as Dick set it down. Beef, eggs, tea—he had made an example of all, and the brown loaf of bread had suffered with them. For seven long September hours Dick had tasted neither bite nor sup, and he was, therefore, sharp-set when he came to table. He now left it, feeling both satisfied and happy.

♦

Margery came into the parlor to clear away the tea things. From beneath the depths of her white cap she gazed at the remnants of the feast. When she had duly noted the ruin of the plateful of eggs, and the diminished proportions of the round of beef, she lifted the teapot and made a mental calculation as to its contents.

"Lord be good to us, master!" said Margery. "For a man that contemplates holy matrimony on the morrow, your appetite is truly amazing! It did used to be said when I were a young maid—a long, long time ago, alack-a-day—that to be in love meant to be without an appetite. But young folk are so different nowadays."

Dick laughed. He had got his big frame into the old chair at the fireside by that time, and was settling down for an hour's comfortable repose with pipe and tobacco.

"There's naught meddles with my appetite, nor yet my sleep, Margery," said Dick. "A man must eat if he means to work, mustn't he? Only with me the work usually comes before the eating, and that's why I'm always ready for what there is."

"And a good job, too," said Margery. "Ay, indeed, a good job! I've known them 'at could neither eat nor yet sleep for love—ay, marry, I have so. So thank the Lord, lad, that it's not so wi' thee."

"Thank the Lord," said Dick somewhat irreverently. "And what was it that made 'em like that, eh, Margery? For love, was it? Why, I'm in love as badly as a man can possibly be——"

"Love," said Margery, "is a queer thing. But it was 'cause they were in love that they could neither eat nor sleep, sleep nor eat. But you're young, my lad, and what should you know of such things? It's been all love's pleasure wi' you, and none o' love's pains. Ah, well—I hope it's to be like that always, master. I'm getting old, and I would like to see thy boy on my knees before I go!"

"You shall dance at my boy's wedding, Margery," laughed Dick. "And that'll be something over twenty years to come, at any rate. Old?—why, you'll shake as loose a foot as any of them to-morrow, I'll be bound."

The old woman laughed and went out with her tray, and Dick picked up the county newspaper and began to read, over his pipe. But there was little in the paper to interest him, and he presently flung it aside. His thoughts turned to the morrow—the morrow that was to make him bridegroom to the sweetest girl in all the world. At the thought of her his heart beat quicker, his blood leaped in his veins, a great tide of happiness surged over his soul, his entire being seemed lifted up to heights of mysterious joy. To-morrow she was to be his—sweet Letty Gray, whose sunny hair and violet eyes had won his heart from the first. She had been hard to woo and harder still to win, but at last all barriers had been swept away before love's overwhelming tide, and on the morrow she was to give herself to him. He sat and thought of her and of the great joy that was coming to him. And at last the old clock in the farmhouse kitchen struck seven, and then Dick arose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and left the house. He was going to meet Letty for the last time as her lover. That night they would meet and later say good-by—after the morrow there would be no parting between them.

♦

Dick went slowly through the quiet village, sleeping softly in the light of the harvest moon. Like most lovers, he was early at the trysting-place. He sat on the old stile by the churchyard and waited, his eyes fixed on the path by which Letty must come to him. Everything was very quiet thereabouts—there was scarcely a sound from the village street, and the noise of the little stream beyond the Five-Ash Coppice came to his ears in a subdued murmur. It seemed to Dick that all things spoke of love and happiness—of love brought at last to full fruition, of happiness all the sweeter because it had been waited for. And then he caught sight of Letty's light dress coming through the thin belt of trees that wrapped the Mill House in gloom, and he got down from the stile and went slowly to meet her.

♦

They met by the old tree that stands in the centre of the Duke's Garth—an ancient oak that has doubtless heard the vows and whispered protestations of generations of lovers. Dick held out his hands. The girl slid her own into them, and held up her face.

"How cold your hands are, Letty!" said Dick, raising his head from her face. "And your lips, too. What's the matter, dear? You're not ill, Letty?"

Letty looked at him. He saw traces of tears on her cheeks, and unshed tears showed themselves in her eyes. Dick put his arm about her. At that protecting touch the girl burst into tears.

"Letty!" Dick was genuinely alarmed. "My dear love! What is it?"

She suddenly released herself from his arm, and leaned back against the tree and looked at him. "I'm not ill, Dick," she said. "But I'm unhappy and miserable."

"Unhappy? Miserable?"

A strange, cold feeling surged over Dick's heart. It seemed to him that he had suddenly come into the presence of something he could not understand. He stepped closer to the girl, and held out his hands again.

"It's not about to-morrow, Letty?" he said. "Letty, do say it isn't!"

She had been hard to win, hard even to woo, and even sometimes he had thought that the love was all on his side. His heart beat with anxiety as he stood watching her in the moonlight. Letty bowed her head.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "I can't help it, Dick, I can't, indeed. It is about to-morrow—because, I—I don't love you as I should do."

Dick came close to her and possessed himself of her hands.

"Letty!" There was something of command in his voice now. "Letty! Speak to me—tell me true, now. Is it because there's some other—man?"

She nodded her head and sobbed afresh. Dick drew a long breath.

"Who is he?" he asked, feeling that the happiness of the night was suddenly turned into despair.

"He's dead," she answered. "Dead—dead!" She leaned her face against the tree and burst into a storm of weeping. Dick stood close by, silent and full of wonder. He could say nothing and do nothing to relieve the girl's distress, but he was conscious of a great relief. Dead! Then he had no rival! In his heart he thanked God for that.

After a time he put out his hand and laid it gently on Letty's shoulder.

"Come, my dear," he said, "come, tell me all about it. Dear heart—it kills me to see you crying like that."

♦

Letty came closer to him, nestling almost against his broad shoulder.

"You're my true friend, Dick, as well as my lover, aren't you?" she said, looking at him appealingly.

"I am, Letty," he answered. "Heaven knows I am!"

"I'm weak and silly, perhaps, to-night," she said. "And I've been unhappy this last week or two because I—well, I got thinking about—him, you know. It was before you came here to live, Dick, before you knew me—and—and—we did love each other true. And he had to go away, Dick, and he was—lost at sea. And oh, Dick—I was dreaming about him last night, and I saw him—alive!"

She shuddered convulsively, and her hands clutched Dick's arm as she looked fearfully into the white moonlight. Dick put his arm about her protectingly.

"Hush!" he said. "You're a bit overwrought, Letty, and you're not well. So I wasn't the first wi' you, Letty?"

"No," she whispered. "Forgive me, Dick. I ought to have told you, but somehow I couldn't. Besides, I liked you, Dick."

"But you loved him," he said.

"Yes," she sighed. "But he's dead. Was it wrong to think about him, Dick? I couldn't help it, I couldn't, indeed!"

"No," he answered. "Of course, you couldn't, my dear—no more than I could help thinking about you. But, oh, Letty, this is sad news to me, for I love you, my lass, with all my heart, and I thought I'd won your love in return."

Letty looked up at his face, and was moved by the pain which she saw there. She drew still closer to him and raised her face to his. "I'll be a good wife to you, Dick," she whispered.

"But your love's his," he said. "Oh, Letty, it's awful! And I thought—I thought you loved me!"

He suddenly put her away from him, and stood looking at her in the moonlight. Letty began to weep again.

"I'm very sorry, Dick," she said. "I know I ought to have told you before, but it's hard to tell things like that, and besides, he's dead—dead! And I will be a good wife, Dick; and, perhaps, I shall get to love you as I ought to."

Dick shivered.

"Don't, Letty!" he said. "Don't! My lass, I couldn't marry you without love."

"But you do love me," she said.

"And you don't love me," he answered.

"I like you, Dick. You're the best man I know."

"I'd rather I was the worst, if so be as you loved me," he said. "Oh, Letty, Letty, do you think I can take you into my arms, knowing that you haven't any love for me? There may be men that can do that—but I can't, Letty! It must be love, and no less."

"Dick!" she said, "Dick! I do love you. I've always loved you—in a way, you know, and I seem to love you better. It was only because I couldn't bear to marry you until I had told you all about that."

♦

Dick's heart leaped within him. He suddenly seized the girl in his arms and held her to him, showering sudden kisses over her lips and cheeks and forehead.

"Say that again!" he whispered. "Tell me you love me again, Letty! Oh, my dear, you've told me all; now, let's forget. Letty, Letty, it's more than liking that you have for me, isn't it? Say it is, Letty; say that you love me!"

She would have been more than human if she had resisted the passion in Dick's voice and the kisses that fell upon her lips. She nestled close to his breast, and for a moment forgot everything but him.

"Oh, Dick!" she sighed, a new feeling for him filling her heart. "I believe I do—I believe I do!"

"But you love him yet?" he suddenly said, disengaging her arms from his neck, and looking searchingly into her face. "You love him—yet?"

Letty bowed her head. The tears began to run down her cheeks again.

"I can't help it, Dick—I can't, indeed," she pleaded. "If you'd only known——"

"Ah," he said, "if I'd only known!"

He still stood gazing at her. Letty began to be afraid. "Oh, dear!" she said "What a puzzle it all is, isn't it, Dick? But we've got to make the best of it, haven't we? There, Dick, I wish I hadn't told you, but I felt I had to."

She came to him and put her hand on his arm. They walked across the meadow toward the garden gate of Letty's home.

Dick went back to his lonely hearth later in the evening. The lamp burned brightly on the table, there was a clear fire in the grate. Dick had pictured to himself the difference which his sweetheart Letty's presence would make in his parlor. It was bright and comfortable indeed, but it needed a woman's presence to make it feel like home. Woman and woman's love—Dick's heart had cried for both, and then rejoiced in finding them in Letty.

He thought of these things as he stood before the fire, looking down into the glowing flame. A woman's love—he thought he had found it, and lo! it had been another's all the time. Between himself and the woman he had chosen from all other women of his world there rose the apparition of the dead man. What had death to do with love and life! What?—but love had much to do with life and death, for it could endure through both. Death had no power over love—had he not seen the tears drop from a woman's eyes because of her love for a dead man whom nothing could give back to her? And that woman was the woman whom he loved with the love which only comes once, and who could never give him the first, fresh love that he desired and hoped to win.

♦

He stood there thinking. Old Margery's words came back to him with strange force—"It's been all love's pleasure wi' you, and none o' love's pains." He laughed grimly at the thought. Pleasures? Ay, but they were imaginary. There had been vows of love and passion, kisses, the hundred-and-one tricks of lovers—and all the time there had been between himself and his promised bride the ghost of a dead man!

It was midnight when Dick turned away from the hearth. All that time he had never moved. The fire burned low and went out; the red cinders turned to gray ashes, the lamp's light grew low; deep shadows filled the corners of the room. In the vaulted hall outside there were weird murmurs of the wind that swept along passage and corridor and made the casement shake and rattle. He climbed the stairs in the fitful moonlight and went into his room. He lighted a candle, and in its first gleam caught sight of his wedding finery laid out on the bed. He turned from it, and from all that it suggested, at first with a dead regret—between him and the dearest hopes of his heart there stood a gray spectre. Then came the full determination to wed her, and make her love him; to turn her affection for him into the great living force of intense love. And his sleep was filled with visions of the sweetness of his hope. On the morrow he would wed her, he would make her happy by his boundless love and thoughtfulness—then a day would come, must surely come—when she would love him as he now loved her.

Quick Wit in Responses

BEING EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

Compiled by Alfred H. Miles

DE STAËL CAUSTIC.—Lalande was once seated at a dinner between Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier, when he said, "Here I sit between wit and beauty." To which Madame de Staël unkindly added, "And possessing neither."

CUTTING THE BISHOP.—The witty Duke of Wharyon having introduced a Scripture story into one of his speeches in the House of Lords, was asked by a right-reverend prelate when he should have done preaching. "When I am made a Bishop, my Lord."

RICHELIEU'S PICTURE.—Upon Fénelon telling Richelieu that he had seen the portrait of his Eminence at the palace, the Cardinal sneeringly asked, "Did you ask it for a subscription for some poor friend?" "No; the picture was too much like you."

PISA-LIKE FAILINGS.—Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked that "Even his failings leaned to virtue's side"; upon which a gentleman observed his Lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, despite long inclination, had never gone over.

NO MONOPOLY FOR FOOLS.—The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out: "What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" exclaimed Descartes. "Do you think then that Nature has produced all of her good things for fools?"

♦

FOLLY IN TITLES.—Soon after Lord Sydney's elevation to the peerage he happened to observe in company that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even Kings appear not to be exempt."

REPRESENTING THE KING.—Bassompierre, French Ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry IV how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world," said the Ambassador. "Ah!" said the King. "What an amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule." "I was your Majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

BORING THE DYING.—Colordon, when on his deathbed, was visited by his friend, Berthe, who requested his opinion of his comedy of The Selfish Man, which he insisted on reading to him. "You may add an excellent trait in the character of your hero," replied Colordon. "Say that he obliged an old friend, on the eve of death, to hear him read a five-act comedy."

THE COST OF A BADGE.—A British soldier who wore a Waterloo medal was accosted by a French grenadier wearing on his breast a badge of the Legion of Honor, which is of much superior intrinsic value. Looking at the Waterloo soldier the Frenchman observed with a sneer that his medal did not cost his Government more than a few sous. "No," replied the Englishman, "but it cost your country a Napoleon."

HOW TO SEE NOTHING.—An Irish cardriver was called upon to settle a wager which turned upon his ability to answer any question that was put to him without stopping to think. The circumstances having been explained to the man, he said, "Be after askin' me the question, your 'onner." "Well, now, Pat, tell me, what's nothing?" "Arrah now, shut your eyes and ye'll see it immediately," was the instant answer.

ON DUMAS.—A youth to fortune and to fame unknown sent Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas was for a moment petrified, then he seized his pen, and replied: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return of post, wrote: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail wrote: "Send me your play, my friend!"

♦

COMPLIMENTING THE MARINES.—William IV once extricated himself from a difficulty after a bad break. "Take away that marine," said his Majesty to a waiter, pointing to an empty bottle which stood upon the table. "That marine!" said a Colonel of the Marines, who was present. "Does your Majesty compare an empty bottle to a marine?" "Yes," replied the King, pulling himself together, "I mean to say it has done its duty once and is ready to do it again."

RUBBING IN BANNOCKBURN.—At a dinner of the Urban Club, of London, some years ago, some young Scotchmen, who have since made their mark, were present, and, according to custom, were toasted as visitors. The chairman, with questionable taste, in proposing the toast, took occasion to twit the visitors to the effect that Scotchmen, although so proud of their country, were glad enough to get out of it, and were in no hurry to return. In responding, one of the visitors quietly remarked that Scotchmen went not alone in the characteristic referred to,—he knew of a number of Englishmen who went to Scotland and never came back again; they went to a place called Bannockburn.

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Man's Right to Privacy

INCREASING intelligence is continually correcting our crude ideas of individual rights, and discovering many ways in which we unintentionally trench upon them, says an editorial writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. Among these is the indulgence of a not unnatural curiosity. In its primary meaning curiosity is simply a desire to inquire, to investigate, to obtain knowledge, and is, therefore, one of the chief incentives to human progress of every kind. To this desire we owe the continual revelations which science is opening up before us. All that we know of Nature, her laws and her workings, of the vegetable and the animal world, of other lands and other races, of the history of man in the past and his condition in the present, is due to the presence of curiosity in the minds of men. To stimulate this appetite for knowledge is, indeed, the chief province of education, and he in whom it is but feebly developed will never know how truly unfortunate he is.

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When, however, we come into relations with other men, we find that both justice and kindness demand that many of our desires be curbed or restrained for their sakes. Whenever the rights of two people come into conflict, there must be a readjustment. There is no freedom without sacrifice, no social welfare without self-restraint, and it is here that curiosity finds its limits. For, however frank and candid any one may be, there is always a certain privacy which he cherishes, and which, therefore, every one else is bound to respect. With some this is confined to the inner life of thought or emotion; with others, it extends to most of the affairs and details of life. Some have had sorrows with which no stranger should intermeddle; some have had relatives of whose course they are ashamed; some have had personal experiences which they wish never to divulge. Others again are sensitive over smaller matters; they do not wish their age to be discussed, or their family matters known, or their business habits talked over. Many are reticent in whatever concerns their affections, and any publicity given to them causes them acute pain; others strenuously object to their incomes being estimated or their expenditures examined.

Now, whenever curiosity on any such matters comes into conflict with the desire for privacy, its indulgence becomes a prying inquisitiveness, which is alike inimical to respect and self-respect. It is a direct invasion of one of the rights of individual freedom—the right of privacy. This claim is too loosely held, and far too carelessly violated. We uphold with tenacity the right to life, property, liberty of thought and speech—to the well-earned fruits of labor, and the reputation which character has won. But the right to privacy we are slow to acknowledge or to grant. We peer into our neighbor's secret affairs, find out his past history, search into his family matters and his business operations, scrutinize his habits, notice his expenses, guess at his debts, discover his opinions and his thoughts, his loves and his hates, his sorrows and his joys. We converse with others on these and kindred topics, obtain their notions, and give them ours; and what is thus begun in idle gossip often merges into cruel slander. For it is a well-known fact that this kind of curiosity does not seek to discover the good and the beautiful; it rather leans to the unveiling of faults and errors, sorrows and shames, deformities and tragedies. But whatever it be that is thus exposed, it is done in direct violation of a sacred right—that of every man to his own individual privacy.

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The ways taken to do this are various. Some, indeed, are already condemned by public opinion, and carry with them a sense of meanness that few will brave. To read private letters, to listen at keyholes, or to bribe servants, are practices that not many would now be willing to resort to, even to gratify a morbid curiosity. There is a habit, which has been charged to us as Americans in quite too wholesale a fashion, but which, though on the decline, still prevails in some quarters, that of putting direct and pointed questions to comparative strangers about themselves. Casual intercourse, in travel and otherwise, between those who have never met before, and may never meet again, may be pleasant and profitable on both sides, so long as personal matters are avoided. Sir Walter Scott attributed much of his versatile knowledge to these chance conversations, no one of which he ever neglected. But when they sink into an inquisitorial investigation into private affairs they lose all their pleasant flavor and become an impertinence to be resented. A less direct and more common method of gratifying this unwarranted curiosity is by consulting mutual acquaintances. In this way, frequently, innuendoes, suggestions and suspicions are exchanged and strengthened that should never have been allowed to exist, and information given that should never have been sought. It is true, there are exceptional cases where, for important purposes, character must be sifted and antecedents brought to light. If we are to trust a man, we must discover whether he be trustworthy. But this is very different from the prying curiosity with no reason behind it, and no purpose to serve save an unwholesome and momentary pleasure.

Gradually we are, however, acquiring a better idea of this personal right of privacy, and popular displeasure is punishing many of the attempts made to invade it. With this advance, the desire itself will fade away, and we shall then guard the personality of our friend or neighbor with as much earnestness as is now sometimes put forth to unveil it. It would indeed be well for us could we obtain that delicate insight which Ruskin somewhat fancifully attributes to the leaves when he says:

"They do not grow, each to his own liking, till they run against one another, and then turn back sulkily, but by a watchful instinct, far apart, they anticipate their companions' courses, as ships at sea, and in every new unfolding of their edged tissue guide themselves by the sense of each other's remote presence and by a watchful penetration of leafy purpose in the far future."

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Problems of Daily Life

By Contemporary Thinkers

TO-MORROW is not for us to rejoice in or to fear. It may never come to us, and, if it comes, what it brings may be very different from what we expected. Sufficient unto the day are the evil thereof and the good thereof. However trying to-day may be, it can be endured for to-day, and to-morrow may be without trials. However joyous may be to-day, to-morrow may be far better.

NO ONE can, at any moment, do more than his best, or call into action powers which he does not possess. It would, indeed, be a happy thing if we uniformly did as much as this. But to say that this is all that is required is a serious mistake. When we review our past in a wider sense we must ask ourselves whether we did all that was possible to educate our judgment, to train our powers of weighing and considering, to arrive at such a mental condition that when certain problems were presented to us, we were not only willing, but able to solve them.

WE ALL have desires of our own which we hope to gratify, rights of our own which we wish to maintain, pleasures of our own in which we rejoice, woes of our own over which we grieve. But it is only the thoroughly selfish man—if such there be—whose feelings stop here. To a greater or less degree we transfer them to others; we desire for them what we wish for ourselves; we are glad in their gladness, sorry in their distress, indignant at their wrongs, anxious to meet their wishes and promote their welfare. This is true sympathy, and may take many forms.

EVERY quality that the man or woman needs is incipient in the child, and needs development and exercise. Our part in his training is not to cherish in him simply what is most attractive to ourselves, or what feeds our own and his vanity, but rather to study his future needs, and to help him to supply what is most lacking. It is where he is deficient, not where he excels, that our earnest efforts are demanded. Not until parents realize this so fully as to identify with it their highest interest and pleasure in their charges will promising children fulfil their promises, and the question no longer be asked, "What has become of them?"

WE OFTEN spend our strength and time in battling unsuccessfully with our faults, when, did we but nourish good purposes and train ourselves in good habits, the defects we mourn would drop away of themselves. The student, for example, mourns his languor and accuses himself of indolence. His struggles are unsuccessful, and his self-reproaches are bitter. Yet it may be that should he alter his mode of life, take more exercise, live more healthfully, and apportion his time more wisely, a renewed vigor and interest might dissipate the grievance. A bad habit of any kind is more surely and easily conquered by strengthening a good one than by any direct attack. Prejudices that will not yield to argument or reason, and will defy even the most strenuous effort to overcome them, will melt away insensibly under the influence of a wider companionship and a deeper, purer, and truer sympathy.

A Just Appreciation of Riches

DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES OF WEALTH

By Ian Maclaren

MUCH has been written in Holy Scripture and said by teachers of morality regarding the subtle snare and evil effect of riches, and no one can have seen anything of life or have any insight into character without indorsing such charges. Riches, more than any other influence, have blinded their possessor's mind to the exquisite beauty of Jesus' life, to the radiant splendor of God's kingdom, to the severe dignity of character, to the visions of imagination. When one falls under their baneful tyranny, he loses all sense of proportion in life, he is deceived by false standards of rank, he becomes arrogant in manner, he is coarsened in thought.

On account of the greed for money, families have been rent in twain, lovers' hearts have been broken, high ideals have been flung aside, conscience itself has been besmirched, and horrible deeds of cruelty have been done. The secret sin of many a saint has been the love of money. As the gold was concealed in the hair of the young girl in Browning's poem, the public stain on many a great man's reputation has been the taking of bribes. For thirty pieces of silver Judas Iscariot sold his Lord, and with money Simon Magus desired to buy the Holy Ghost.

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If God has bestowed upon any one more of this world's goods than is necessary for the support of himself and his family—which superfluity may be called riches—then it is evident that this is a perilous gift, and it is intended to be a discipline for the soul. One must not be self-confident and take for granted, that because he was in earlier years generous and unselfish he may not grow hard and mercenary in later years.

Nothing is more common, nothing is more painful than the decay of character with the years, so that the spring of fine impulses dries up within the man, and his capacity for liberal deeds withers before our eyes. Cases there are, no doubt, where one has passed into liberty as he grew in riches—marvelous deliverances of Divine grace—but for one such there are ten where increase of wealth has ended in meanness of soul. And surely there can hardly be a sadder irony than a man building larger barns for his goods while an ever-decreasing space will hold his illiberal and churlish soul.

It were, however, an extreme and unreasonable view to regard riches as a necessary and unmitigated curse. Were this the truth, then the path of duty and religion for one and all of us would be monastic poverty, and he only had done the will of God who had left all to follow Christ, as did Saint Peter and Saint Matthew. This, however, were to change the whole organization of society, and hardly for the better, since the day of this general surrender would be the beginning of general degradation. One has only to think twice on this matter to discover that the ethical good to be obtained in connection with riches will not, as a rule, be their refusal, but their management, and that the man who does his duty best for the race is not he who, through indolence or stupidity, acquires nothing, or having acquired something flings it away, but rather he who, having labored and received, uses his just reward for the highest good of his family and his fellow-men. This is the appreciation of riches.

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From this standpoint riches afford three benefits to their possessors—and the first is achievement. This implies that in the effort, by fair means, to obtain riches, certain solid qualities are created and fostered. One is thinking, of course, not of the people into whose hands riches have flowed, but of the people who have wrought hard to gain them. There are those who have inherited their possessions, who are often envied, but ought rather to be pitied. Others there are who seem to have obtained their wealth by some accident or turn of life, but who, it is more likely, have simply seized an opportunity for which they had prepared. Some may have amassed unholy gains by oppression and dishonesty, but their prosperity will be short-lived.

All those classes are to be left out of account in any ethical judgment, for it is evident that in their case the acquisition of riches cannot have gone to the formation of character. Take rather the man—representative of so large and honorable a class in a modern commercial city—who was the son of poor parents and began life in humble circumstances, who has prospered with the years, and is now like Joseph of Arimathea. It has been the fashion of literature to put this man in the pillory and to make play with him, and to leave the impression that any scribbler who could string together a few verses, although neither he nor his verses had any claim to character, stood higher by the truest standards of worth, and was of more value to the community. This man is also apt to give himself away by too often insisting on his own history, and speaking as if with his own sword, and not by favor of the Almighty, he achieved his success.

But it is common speech which does him most injustice, and quite confuses the situation. For it is asked, "How much is he worth?" and then the answer is given in figures. If this were indeed his exact value, surely his life had been a sad fiasco, and he himself was of no account. What he is worth is another thing from what he possesses; and if you go into the matter his fortune becomes a mere symbol, to be translated from figures into qualities. Just as half a dozen books stamped with university arms show that a young scholar has made a fair beginning in culture, or a simple bronze cross on a soldier's breast proves that he has played the man on the field of battle, so does honorable success in business bear witness to character. It means that a fellow-man called to do his work in his calling has not been idle and careless—flinging away his opportunities and denying his duties. It means that he has not yielded to the lower impulses of his nature and done foolishly, to the weakening of his mind and body. It means that he has resisted temptations to trickery, deceit, and unprincipled work of all kinds. This ten or one hundred thousand dollars are in themselves only dust and vanity. But consider them as *x*, and work the equation out, and they read: industry, perseverance, thrift, intelligence, integrity. This gold is but another word for brain and conscience, and proves that one has done the work laid to his hand with all his might, and in so doing has built up his manhood.

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The second benefit of riches is opportunity; and this must be patent to every mind. Has not every one of us at times envied a rich man, not for his money, but for the good he could do? not for the pleasant garden in which Joseph walked of an evening, but for its use when he consecrated it to the Lord? Did ever the high office of wealth receive a more convincing illustration than when a millionaire of Jerusalem rescued the body of Jesus from outrage and laid it to rest, with honor, in his rock-hewn tomb? In order of beneficence the prophet must stand first, for he declares God, and with him as being of the same kin must be classed the poet, the painter, the master of music. None have done so much for us as those messengers of God who have preached to our souls the kingdom of God and magnified its treasures. But after them for solid service give place for Joseph of Arimathea, when God has touched his heart.

Gold may be only yellow dust, but what is there its possessor cannot accomplish with it? He can enter a home when the head has been stricken with dangerous sickness and send him where the air is dry and the sun is shining, and so restore the husband to the wife and the father to his family. He can find some poor lad whom God intends for a scholar and open to him the gates of knowledge, and so fulfil one of the purest passions of the human heart. He can pull down a nest of evil houses and replace their hideousness with green grass and flowers, so that, where disease and crime once reigned, little children will play in their innocence. He can secure nobler works of art and house them in a fitting building, so that the humblest of the people may possess those things in their souls eye hath not seen nor ear heard. He can raise in the midst of the care and labor of the city some house of God wherein the weary shall have a place to pray and the evangel of Jesus shall be preached.

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And so riches also must be a joy for the great reward their Christian use brings to their steward. No man must give to God in order that he may get from God, for this were a base spirit that can bring no blessing; yet God is not unfaithful to forget any labor of love. No one can purchase Heaven by his riches, yet one may so invest his means as to bring Heaven within his heart. The recompense of liberality is automatic and spiritual. What victory is greater than his, who, having the world at his disposal, makes it not the minister of his pleasures, but the servant of his brethren!

What joy can be sweeter than his who has caused the sun to shine on bleak and narrow lives, and so is filling life with peace and plenty! What comfort is like his who in the straits of life is upheld and guarded by the prayers of the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the needy, which, like the mighty angels of God, do continually protect him! What wisdom can be compared to his who has exchanged this poor currency of earth for the lasting treasures of Heaven, so that when he departs from this world he leaves nothing behind save his worn-out body, and finds on the other side all he ever gave with a thousandfold increase!—Temple Magazine.

I Shall Be Satisfied

AFTER the toil and turmoil,
And the anguish of trust belied,
After the burden of weary cares,
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers;
After the passion, and fever, and fret,
After the aching of vain regret,
After the hurry and heat of strife,
The yearning and tossing that men call "life";
Faith that mocks, and fair hopes denied,
I shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken
At the sunny fountain side;
When the turf lies green and cold above
Wrong, and sorrow, and loss, and love;
When the great dumb walls of silence stand
At the doors of the undiscovered land;
When all we have left in our olden place
Is an empty chair and a pictured face;
When the prayer is prayed, and the sigh is sighed,
I shall be satisfied.

That Night at "La Scala"

THE STORY OF A MYSTERIOUS SINGER

By Francis S. Saltus

IT WAS the third day of the Carnival at Milan, in the year 1836.

Donizetti's immortal masterpiece, Lucia di Lammermoor, had been performed for the first time at the San Carlo, in Naples, a few months previous, and was then making its triumphal tour through Italy.

The genius of Bergamo's sweet bard had attained its culminating point. Its great aria and the stupendous magnificence of the septet had electrified the entire musical world; even the star of Rossini was eclipsed by the incredible success of the younger composer.

Milan was in an uproar; the streets, squares, and arcades were illuminated *a giorno;* the cathedral in marble majesty glittered beneath the glare of innumerable lanterns, while the joyous laughter of sixty thousand pleasure-seekers made the old, narrow streets ring and echo again, and the Scala, Italy's greatest opera house, ablaze with glory, had placed before the entrance, in letters of flame, the magic word Lucia.

No wonder the crowd hastened thither; for eighty lire you could not have obtained a seat. It was the third representation only, and fame, beauty, or gold could not have forced an entrance. It was six o'clock; the pit and gallery, boxes and stalls of the immense theatre were crowded to suffocation. Four thousand eager people—four thousand anxious, soulful Italians—were waiting with subdued frenzy for the curtain to rise.

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The nobility of Lombardy graced the boxes, the political celebrities of the city crowded the passages, all the élite of the art-loving town had flocked thither.

The heat was stifling; at half-past six the overture began. The immense throng was silenced at the first wave of the conductor's baton. Was it not to hear the last and most admirable of Donizetti's operas? Had not the Neapolitan papers been devoured with avid eyes? Was it not to hear the song over which Italy was raving? And last, but not least, was it not to applaud the beauteous prima donna, Alfieri, who had achieved such a colossal success the two previous nights?—their favorite—their idol—the divine Alfieri! who had sung for seven consecutive seasons in Milan, alike renowned for her consummate art, her beauty, and her unrivaled voice! How the audience was moved! how it trembled with expectant ecstasy!

The curtain rose at last.

The hunters' chorus was listened to with religious attention; the baritone's song and cabaletta which follow caused but a slight impression in spite of their veritable excellence, and the shifting of the scene to the park where Lucia makes her first appearance was welcomed with a hushed murmur of delight.

A frail, white-robed female form advanced toward the footlights, her eyes were cast down, and she moved slowly near the prompter's box. There she stood still, raised her eyes and gazed full upon the audience.

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A howl of disappointment arose from the house: "It's not Alfieri!"

The cry was echoed on all sides; groans, hissing, and stamping of feet drowned the orchestra.

"Off! off! Alfieri! Alfieri!"

The woman, confronting that audience, not in the least disconcerted, walked leisurely around the stage. A man peeped out from the side-scenes. It was the director—astonished and disturbed.

"Who is that woman? It is not Alfieri!"

"No one knows—no one saw her enter."

Again the conductor raised his baton; the unknown prima donna seemed to rouse herself from her pensive lethargy, and moved solemnly to the centre of the stage.

The clamor had ceased.

She raised her eyes to the level of the first tier, and stood in the full force of the light. She was wondrously beautiful, but white—white as snow; deathly, spectrally white; not a tinge of rose enhanced the marble graces of her face, which was purely, faultlessly Greek.

Her eyes, black and radiant, flashed luridly. When she dropped them their tint became sad, gray, and crepuscular. Her lips shone red as vermilion, and seemed like a gash—like a hideous gash—when contrasted with the whiteness and rigidity of her face.

Her hair, long and purplish, in undulate tresses rioted over her shoulders, pure and colorless as marble.

She had no ornaments. A tuberose thrust in a rebellious curl adorned her brow; around her throat was a piece of broad, black velvet.

Her dress was white—all white.

She gazed weirdly upon the audience, and began, in a strange, vague, unearthly tone of voice, the ravishing aria of "Lucia" upon her entrance.

I was present, and I can recall perfectly the cold sensation and chilliness I felt at the first few notes.

It seemed to me as if some humid cavern had been suddenly opened, and that I had breathed the first icy wafts of air emanating therefrom.

Not a sound save her voice was heard. Her hands hung listlessly by her side. I do not remember how she finished. I heard her first strange tones change to a soft, sweet voice of fascinating, bell-like brilliancy, and I awoke from a trance by hearing the audience shriek and stamp with delight.

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The applause was feverish and frantic, then suddenly ceased as if by enchantment; the strange woman had turned aside and begun the ordinary stage business and duet with Edgardo, as Alfieri would have done. The act ended in indescribable amazement.

"Who is she? Who is she? What a voice!" and such exclamations were heard on all sides.

The director appeared at this moment, evidently anxious to find out for himself who the beautiful pale songstress was, but could answer no inquiries.

In the meantime I hurried behind the scenes to Alfieri's dressing-room, where I had often gone to chat with her, expecting to see this marvelous creature.

The apartment was illuminated; Lucia's bridal costume for the second act was ready on the sofa; a bottle of Asti wine, which Alfieri always partook of between the acts, stood on the table; but naught proved that the room had been occupied previously by another—nothing showed the presence of the new-comer.

I waited a few minutes, took a few whiffs from my cigarette, and was about to return, when I spied upon the floor an earring of such uncommon size that I stooped to pick it up, and gazed upon it in wonder, held spell-bound by its beauty.

It was a solitaire diamond, richly set, of a slightly greenish tint. I knew the value of green diamonds, and estimated this one to be worth at least seven or eight thousand dollars, being really finer than any I had seen in the famous vaults of Dresden.

I hastened down to the director's office to remit it, thinking it belonged to the new-comer or to Alfieri. The director was absent; soon I heard the bell ring. The diamond in my hand, I hastened to my seat.

The unknown woman again entered; she was, if possible, a tinge paler than before. She wore gloves this time, and her lips were not so cruelly red. She sang, and, ye gods, what song! Her voice soared, spread, fused with other invisible voices; it rang sonorously, and murmured divinely in magnificent power and harmony—a voice all fire, a voice all soul.

I trembled—the audience quivered.

Still that strange being stood in the same position, still did her great luminous black eyes gaze continually upward; she seemed not to heed her fellow-artists; the bewilderment of Edgardo, the anxious, inquiring glance of Ashton did not move her; she would glide by them like a sylph, a vision—light, ethereal, graceful. No one heard her walk—she sang!

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Again the curtain fell, again the house cried out with delirium. "Brava! brava!" yelled the rabble.

But no one appeared.

Again I went to Alfieri's box while the ballet (which in those days was performed between the acts) was going on, but it was empty; so I returned to listen to the animated discussions and conversations in the lobby.

"Alfieri is eclipsed; she is Pasta and Persiani combined! She is not human, she is an angel from Heaven's gates!"

"'Tis the Beatrice of Dante descended from Heaven!"

A friend came from behind the scenes.

"Well, what news, Ricciardo? Have you seen her?"

"No, but Grazzini has" (Grazzini was the tenor, a handsome fellow), "and he tells me he spoke to her—forced to do so by some subtle, magnetic attraction. He told her of his wonder, his admiration, his love, I believe, and she answered him, in Milanese dialect, 'We shall meet again.'"

The bell rang, and the curtain went up slowly. The lights seemed to burn badly, and the heat was stifling, but upon the entrance of the mysterious stranger a sudden chill pervaded every one.

We did not breathe to listen, and as I gazed upon her, charmed by her supernatural beauty, I noticed that from one of her ears hung a bright, large stone, similar to the one I held in my hand. Scarcely had I seen it when she caught my eye. She smiled—the only time. I averted my glance. The music went on.

The scene where the unhappy Lucia, after having been dragged to the altar by her heartless brother, realizes the full atrocity of his conduct, seemed to influence the sombre sprite-like prima donna, for she roused herself at last and acted—acted with the frenzy of passion, acted with the sublimity of pathos and despair. She was intense, superb in the mad scene. Her voice had sobs of anguish.

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Up swelled the vertiginous staccato high above the moans of the orchestra. She raved, she wept, and the large tears rolled down her white cheeks; her hair floated wildly over her quivering shoulders, and still rang forth her magical, heartrending notes.

I trembled; the house groaned.

The mad scene neared its end, and the musicians, as if ordered, ceased to play. They looked at her, she sang unaccompanied. It was terrible, unique, sublime.

The culminating point arrived, and the pains and pangs of Donizetti's masterpiece vibrated on her lips as they had never done on lips before. She gazed wildly, stupidly about, when she stopped, and I saw drops of blood ooze from her mouth; she fell heavily upon the stage, and the curtain went down. The house was in tears.

Half an hour later all Milan knew of the miraculous performance at the Scala. The last act of the opera was listened to without curiosity, Lucia not appearing in it. Nothing occurred except the indisposition of the tenor, Grazzini, who was taken suddenly ill, and I afterward learned, died that night.

Milan, outdoors, all fun and animation, could not comprehend the story told in the cafés and on the squares. The reports were called exaggerated, and the singer's phenomenal voice a myth. No one could find her, and it was in vain that I waited for more than an hour in Alfieri's box.

The director told me confidentially that he was as nonplused as the audience, and had never beheld the marvelous singer before. Then, as he left me, he superstitiously added: "She was a spirit, I believe."

Full of conflicting thoughts, I walked sadly homeward, and heard again through the quiet streets, far away from the riot and revel of the carnival, the heavenly echo of that unutterably divine voice.

I walked on, and passed across the Saint Italda Cemetery to near my home. It was late. The noise of Milan's festivities reached my ear from time to time faintly.

Within a few steps of my house, separated by a high wall from the end of the graveyard, there, beneath a few cypress trees, in the full glare of the moon, I beheld an unusual sight.

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The cemetery, through which I passed regularly, and which I knew in every nook and corner, presented in that particular spot a singular aspect.

I advanced, and remarked with astonishment that a tomb had been exhumed.

Sure enough, the sod on either side was all strewn and scattered here and there, footprints were plainly visible, and, to my horror I saw that the coffin was open. In it, wrapped rather loosely in a faded yellow shroud, was a human form.

I was about to call for the guard, when my eye was suddenly attracted by a faint greenish light twinkling near the top of the coffin.

I stooped over, and to my amazement saw a diamond earring in the lobe of the corpse's ear—the mate of the one I had found.

The moonlight, checkered by the tree-boughs, did not allow me to view the face, and tremblingly I drew aside and lit a match. Approaching, I gazed on the body. It was the spectral songstress!

Utterly bewildered, with haggard eyes and quivering knees, I grasped the coffin lid and replaced it over the livid face. On it was written in large letters:

VIRGINIA COSSELI
QUEEN OF SOPRANI
Died September, 1781
Requiescat in Pace

I remember a wild thrill of horror came over me and I fell senseless. For weeks I raved in delirium. When I had sufficiently recovered I left Milan. People were still talking of the mysterious prima donna.

Told About Bismarck

Compiled by Charles Lowe

THE REFUTATION OF PROLIXITY.—A doctrinaire politician advanced a very paradoxical statement at Bismarck's dinner-table, and one of the guests set himself to refute it. "Pray don't trouble yourself," exclaimed the Premier. "If you will only have patience for two or three minutes, the learned Herr Professor will contradict himself in the most brilliant manner!"

THE OBTRUSIVENESS OF VANITY.—On one occasion Bismarck remarked to Wagener: "It is just the same with these oratorical gentlemen" (Lasker, etc.) "as with many ladies who have small feet. Not content with this, they wear shoes that pinch them and are forever pushing out their feet that they may be seen and admired. In the same way, when one has the misfortune to be eloquent, his tendency is to speak too often and too long."

THE FOLLY OF THE POPULACE.—On one occasion Bismarck described universal suffrage as "the government of a house by its nursery"; but he added, "You can do anything with children if you only play with them." Some one observed: "You can make a mob cry anything by paying a few among them a groschen apiece to start the shouting." "No, you need not waste your groschen," demurred the Premier, "there are always asses enough to bray gratis."

THE PENALTY OF FAME.—"It is not very pleasant," Bismarck remarked to Wagener, on a certain occasion, "to have an opera-glass leveled at you at fourteen paces, or a revolver at four; and any little gratification of vanity that one feels at being stared at so much does not last very long. All the little vanities of life have only a charm as long as we do not possess them. But once we attain them, we only think of what King Solomon said about the vanity of all things. Therefore I cannot comprehend how any one can endure life who doesn't believe in another and a better one."

BISMARCK DISCOUNTING EGOTISM.—Prince Bismarck said to Professor Virchow: "You, perhaps, imagine that you understand the national policy better than I do; but I know that I understand better than you or the Chamber what I call political policy (die politische Politik)." Bismarck had to say the same thing a hundred times over to Count Beust, a great opponent of his National policy, of whom he was afterward to remark at the table of an old sporting friend, Herr von Dietze-Barby, when asked his opinion of the Saxon Minister: "Well, when I wish to estimate the danger that is likely to accrue to me from any adversary, I first of all subtract the man's vanity from his other qualities; and if I do this in the case of Beust there is little or nothing left."

THE HORROR OF WAR.—A few months after the great Luxemburg question had been settled by the neutralization of the Grand Duchy, Bismarck gave a dinner party, his guests including his old teacher, Dr. Bonnell, and the staff of the Gymnasium, which was now in turn being attended by the Chancellor's two sons. The conversation turned on Luxemburg, and some one contended, with Moltke, that this question should have been made the pretext for a war with France. "My dear Professor," said Bismarck, "such a war would have cost us the lives of at least thirty thousand brave soldiers, and in the best of cases brought no profit. But he who has gazed into the glazed eye of a dying warrior on the field of battle will think twice before beginning a war."

FORMERS OF PUBLIC OPINION.—Talking on a certain occasion with Wagener about public opinion, the Chancellor said: "You doubtless remember the saying of the first Napoleon, that three shrieking women will make more noise than a thousand silent men. It is, therefore, very absurd of us to attach so much importance to the shrieking women of public opinion. True public opinion is that which is the outcome of certain political, religious and social convictions, of a very simple kind, deep down in the National life; and to recognize and give effect to this is the task of the true statesman. I might call it the undercurrent of public opinion. Hence it is that I have never reckoned with our parliamentary screamers, and that consequently I have always had the satisfaction of having enlisted on my side the public opinion by which I set store."

THE CIGAR HE DIDN'T SMOKE.—After dessert, when coffee and cigars were handed round, "Ah, yes," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Königgrätz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour when I should enjoy it after victory. But I had miscalculated my chances." "And how?" "A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, moaning for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never, in all my life, enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

Why Church Attendance is Diminishing

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN MODERN SOCIETY

By the Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D.

IT BEGINS to be evident that the church has entered upon a new epoch. The place and function in society which have been accorded her for a long time are rapidly undergoing a radical change. Of course, for the purposes of this paper I use the word church in its widest sense. Possibly "the churches" would be a better phrase, but I do not like it. What I have in mind is to call attention to some broad facts which concern alike all organized Christianity. The fortunes of Anglican, Reformed, and Roman are all involved in the same issues.

It will be agreed on all hands that the characteristic action of Christianity as an institution is its public worship in church on the Lord's Day. One can conceive the existence of a church which had no formulated creed, nor any machinery for beneficence, or which should leave much to be desired in the personal lives of its members, but one cannot imagine a church which does not attempt to bring its people together on Sunday for public prayer, sacraments, and teaching.

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Now, it is clear to any one who will look that people do not go to church as generally as they once did. The percentage of non-church-goers in the community has been steadily increasing for more than a generation, and within the last ten years we have seen something which looks like "the letting out of waters." Speaking broadly, the churches are but meagerly attended. There are exceptions, of course. The Roman Catholic churches have not yet been seriously affected by the change, but even they have not been without their warning. There are in the new New York about twelve hundred places of public worship. Not one-sixth of them are filled; not one-half of them are half filled at the Sunday service during the winter months, while during the summer one-third of them are practically closed, and, with the exception of the Roman Catholic, the rest are practically empty. Nor is this peculiar to the metropolis. In an average New England country town, or a Kansas or California village, less than one-half of the people are to be found in church on Sunday.

Society is coming, if it has not already come, to look upon the Christian Church in a way which has not been known for fifteen centuries. It is not hostile; it is indifferent. But few realize what a new thing historically this temper is. That it is a new thing will appear upon a very little reflection. The United States is the only country in the world wherein organized society takes no account of organized religion. Elsewhere, throughout Christendom, the church is either established, endowed, subsidized, or recognized in concordat or treaty. Here, and here alone, she is left to one side by the social order. But this is only because we are a little farther along in the direction of movement than are the other countries. All are coming to this point; but we have reached it.

But what a profound reversal of social habit this is! In the fifth century Christianity became the religion of the Empire, and the State began by one method or another to build churches, to maintain them, and to constrain people to attend them. By the Middle Ages this had come to be regarded as the natural and divine order of things. The force of statute, the resources of taxation, the power of common law, could all be appealed to in the interest of the church. This condition of things continued through fourteen hundred years. It survived even in theory till about the beginning of the nineteenth century. It continued practically up to our own generation. Now it is gone. The church can no longer lean upon secular society. Coercion in every form has been abandoned. Civil society does not regard the church as it did in the time of Constantine, Charlemagne, Laud, or Cotton Mather. It is possible that society is more Christian, but it surely is less churchly. Do the leaders of the church at all realize what a genuine revolution has actually occurred?

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But a practice which lasted through so many generations could not but leave its impress upon the habits and customs of society. The provision in our Constitution that "Congress shall make no law concerning religion" did not immediately change the situation. From sheer force of habit people continued for a long time to act much as they had acted while secular society upheld the church. A sort of social constraint took the place of legal coercion. In the earlier new settlements of this country the people built their own churches, and built them almost as soon as they did their houses, and before they built their schoolhouses and town halls. It was rare to find a family which had no "church connection." Such a family was looked at askance, and was deemed to be in some vague way lacking in respectability. This condition of things still survives in some measure in outlying communities and some small towns and cities, but, taking the country throughout, it has passed away. The new settlements in the West and the new suburbs in the cities are not forward in building themselves churches. They make their homes, then their schoolhouses, then their public buildings, and the church comes last, and usually does not come at all until some missionary from an older community arrives to press the duty, and until money comes from an older community to help pay for it. Nor does a family lose caste from lack of church affiliation. In a word, the social constraint which used to operate in the church's interest has become feeble where it has not entirely disappeared. Do the leaders of the church realize what a powerful ally they have lost?

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Furthermore, we are at the point where "the Sabbath tradition" is passing out of sight. While it is true that our own church has never given her assent to the Puritan or Hebrew tradition of the Sabbath Day, we have, nevertheless, lived in a country where we have sucked from that tradition no small advantage. It may fairly be said to have been an American tradition. Even when it has not affected belief it has controlled conduct. Our church bells have during a century rung out upon the still air of succeeding Sundays, and have caught the ear of multitudes who would not have heard or heeded except for the Puritan tradition. Business has been suspended and amusement tabooed because it was "the Sabbath Day," and people had been taught that to work or to play on that day was blasphemy. But the passing of time, the immigration of populations which had no Sabbath tradition, the discovery that the Puritan Sabbath did not actually rest upon either Holy Scripture or good history—all these things have resulted in bringing in a profound change in the way of regarding Sunday.

A change in social custom has followed. It followed slowly, and for a long while attracted little attention. But barriers of social habit give way as do those which dam waters. At first a tiny stream escapes, and looks innocent enough, then another and another, and at last all goes with a rush. We are near the time when the social sanctity which has for so long hedged in Sunday will be swept away. Indeed, a revolution has already occurred, but it has occurred so silently that it has absolutely transformed society without our notice.

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Contrast the Sunday situation of New York or Philadelphia of even ten years ago with that of to-day. Even then, on Sunday, it seemed as though active secular life had stopped within the city and a wall had been built around it. Few could escape the city limits even if they had wished. In summer a few excursion trains ran to the seashore, and that was about all. Places of amusement within the city were closed, and the recreations which now engage tens of thousands were not invented. People went to church, if for no better reason, because there was nothing else to do. They grew tired of walking about the streets by day and sitting in their houses in the evening. A "popular preacher" was a godsend; a "musical service" was an escape from *ennui*. There is such a thing as following a multitude to do good as well as to do evil. Now, how the situation is changed! Trolley lines run out into the country in every direction. Good roads have been built, and now glisten and radiate in every direction as the straight threads of a new spider-web shine in the morning dew. It is probably speaking within bounds to say that between May and November a million people go out of New York every Sunday, by rail, trolley, pleasure boat, and wheel. Ten years ago the number was hardly one-tenth so great. It is no doubt true that many thousands of these did not go to church then, but it is equally true that tens of thousands of them did. But what is far more significant is, that those who went out to play on Sunday at the earlier date did so with the vague consciousness that they were in some way doing wrong, or that, at least, they were going against the best public opinion. Those who go to-day do not, as a rule, have any such feeling. All idea of wrong-doing has disappeared from such action. The day is spent in pleasure—of course, I speak only of those pleasures which are intrinsically innocent—without any sense of violence done to their consciences. The amusements are announced and entered upon quite openly. On a Saturday column after column is given by the newspapers to notices of the "Sunday Runs" of the following day. Not long ago a single bicycle club left New York on Sunday morning for a day in the country, seven hundred strong. There were not a hundred churches in the city whose congregations that same morning averaged as many.

The whole situation is new. It is one which the church has not confronted for fourteen centuries. From this time forward she is called upon to do her work in the midst of a society whose habits, whose prepossessions, whose very consciences differ profoundly from that which she has known so long. As members of Christ's Church we have now been brought face to face with a situation whose gravity cannot be exaggerated. There is a sort of obstinate skepticism which will lead many good churchmen to doubt that so changed a condition of things could come in so suddenly. They will accuse of fancy and exaggeration any one who describes things as they are. The reply is, it has not been sudden, save as all new phases of Nature or society are sudden. The new phase always appears suddenly, because the causes of it have been long at work. When the cry of "separation between Church and State" was raised four centuries ago, neither party had much conception of what such separation would imply. Now society wakes up to see on that principle it has no obligation to the church as such; the church is reminded that, as such, she has no claim upon society.

We are being pushed or led back to the position of the primitive church. That was a voluntary association of the followers of Jesus, living and acting in the midst of a society which took no account of it or its rules, except as they were won, one at a time, to voluntarily submit themselves to her discipline. That is what we have nearly come to again. The pressure of public opinion, the force of use and wont, the instinct of long-established custom, can no longer be counted upon to constrain people to keep Sunday or to go to church. Under these new conditions, what is the church to say and to do? Shall she lift up her voice to the multitude who are idling or playing on the Lord's Day, and rebuke them for "desecrating the Sabbath day"? Their retort is unanswerable. They say, "You Christians are quite at liberty to make what regulations you please for the observance of this day by your own members, but you have no warrant of your Master to impose them upon us." Shall she urge them to go to church as a matter of natural and universal duty? Scarcely; she may offer it as a universal privilege, but as a universal obligation, no.

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What shall we say? What shall the Christian father say to his well-grown son when he sees him getting ready to go to the country for the Sunday on his wheel? What shall the mother say to her daughter who has been at church in the morning, and who has been invited to join a sailing party in the afternoon? The question takes a thousand phases, but essentially it is this: How shall the Christian Church adjust her discipline and her methods to modern society? The old adjustment, the one which Constantine arranged for, is about to disappear. What shall take its place? How shall she fit her services, her missionary appeal, her discipline, her customs, to the changed conditions of modern life? Compared with this, the things with which the churches are concerning themselves sometimes seem paltry indeed. We are disputing among ourselves like a lot of Roman pedants, while the barbarians are at the gates. We are contending that our doctrinal formularies shall be accurately framed, that our liturgies or our rejection of liturgy shall be such as will best serve for the united worship of the great congregation, that our orders or our contempt of orders shall express our belief concerning the ministry. These things are all important enough. But it is more important that we should have a congregation than that we should have a Book of Common Prayer, that there should be a church than that there should be a creed, that there should be a people rather than a ministry.—The Outlook.

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Mr. Harvey's Overcoat

A STORY OF QUEENSLAND

By Grant Allen

"OH, THE natives are a bad lot," my planter friend remarked with expansive impartiality, "and so are the Kanakas; there's no trusting any of 'em. They'll thieve, they'll lie, and they'll do anything to spite you. We're obliged to be hard on them for our own protection. If we weren't there'd be no getting along in the Colony."

"I'm sorry they're so troublesome," I said. "But, perhaps, if you were to treat them better, you'd find they'd improve a bit."

"No, no!" the planter cried testily. "Kanakas are Kanakas. They're all incorrigible. Kindness is thrown away on them. Why, just to show you how untrustworthy they are, I'll tell you a little thing that happened once on our own place here in Southern Queensland. We had a Kanaka boy, called Joe, pottering about on the estate in the early days of the settlement, when we all undertook to disperse our own blacks and to do justice ourselves on our indentured laborers. You've heard of that man Harvey, who explored so much of the mountains in the interior? Well, one time Harvey was stopping with us, and he wanted to strike back behind the Darling Downs into New South Wales territory. It was about three weeks on foot to the nearest station in New South Wales inhabited by white people, and nobody but Joe knew the road over the hills—he'd been employed that way—so he volunteered to go as guide with Harvey. He didn't speak English, but he was a good 'un at path-finding. So we let him go, putting Harvey in his hands, and making him understand we held him answerable for the white man's safety."

"How did you do that," I asked, "if he spoke no English?"

"Ah! but he understood a good bit," the planter answered, "especially if you swore at him; you don't want many words in dealing with a Kanaka. Why, my father held his revolver to Joe's head, and he said: 'Just you look here, Joe: you take this gentleman straight across to Whiteford's. If you come back without a letter from Whiteford's to say he's got there safe, I'll blow your brains out. If you get to Whiteford's without him, a gentleman at Whiteford's will blow your brains out. Understand me, eh?' And Joe grinned like a Cheshire cat, and answered: 'Ah, yes; me understandee, massa.'"

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"That was no doubt effective," I said.

"I believe you, indeed. But there's no trusting a Kanaka. The cool season was on, and going across the hills and sleeping in the open, Harvey had got an overcoat with him. It was a very smart overcoat—the sort of thing a fellow might have swelled about Bond Street in—and Joe admired it immensely. Like all Kanakas, he was as proud as a peacock, and loved to strut about in European finery. He was always talking about this overcoat of Harvey's, and trying to count up on his fingers and toes how many months he would have to save up his weekly wages to buy one like it. When Harvey was going away, my father called out after him: 'Beware of Joe, old man. Take care he doesn't take your life to get that overcoat.' Harvey laughed and waved his hand, and Joe grinned and showed his teeth.

"I don't know whether my father put it into Joe's head or not, but anyhow, before the three weeks were over we were all surprised one fine day to see Joe come strutting back, all agog, to the plantation, and, if you'd believe it, wearing Harvey's overcoat! It ought to have taken him six weeks, at least, to get to Whiteford's and back. So we were naturally suspicious. 'Joe,' says my father, 'you have killed Mr. Harvey!' Joe grins, and struts about and shows off his overcoat, as cool as a cucumber. Well, we couldn't stand that. 'Joe,' says my father again, 'we'll give you your fair chance. We'll wait till four weeks are out'—for it took a week for letters to come by sea from Whiteford's—'and then, if we don't hear Mr. Harvey has arrived, we'll try you and shoot you.' Well, Kanakas are wonderful. Joe strutted and grinned, as pleased as ever. We waited the four weeks, and we kept him in safety. He never even tried to run away to the bush; he seemed to think it was all right, and we were only joking. He kept on with his little duties, and showed no sign of fear of his approaching doom. It seemed strange to us, even making all allowance for the reckless, devil-may-care peculiarities of the Kanakas, but there was no doubt he had murdered the explorer for the sake of the overcoat he coveted so much.

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"When the four weeks were up, no letter came from Harvey. So my father had out Joe, and he, and my uncle, and Ferguson, of the next estate, sat as an informal court to try him. Joe seemed a good deal surprised and taken aback at the proceedings; he wanted to tell some cock-and-bull story in his broken English about how the coat 'belong a me! Massa Harvey give it me.' But white men's lives must be respected, and my father wasn't going to stand any nonsense. They found Joe guilty on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced him to be shot; and they took him out on the hill behind the house and shot him. I can see him still, with his big eyes wide open and a sort of wondering look in them when they fastened his arms, as if he couldn't understand why on earth they were doing it."

"And had he murdered Harvey?" I asked.

My planter's face fell.

"Well, that's just the odd part of it," he answered slowly. "Three days later a letter arrived from Harvey at Whiteford's, saying Joe had taken him by a short cut through the hills, and he had met on the way a New South Wales party with tents and a wagon. So he had sent Joe back, and made him happy with a present of his overcoat; 'and I hope,' he said, 'he's as pleased with it now as he was when I gave it him.'"

"Then you'd murdered the poor fellow!" I exclaimed. "He'd never done it! No wonder his big eyes still haunt you!"

"Well, no; not quite that," the planter said deprecatingly. "It was an error of judgment, you see; a miscarriage of justice; a regrettable incident."

"But you quoted this," I cried, "as an instance of the utter untrustworthiness of Kanakas! It seems to me it goes just the other way. The poor fellow was faithful and did what he could, and your father rewarded him by shooting him."

"That's just it," the planter answered dryly. "That shows what an untrustworthy lot they are. Even when you get a decent one to deal with, they're all so bad that you're driven to shoot an innocent man on suspicion. But poor Joe's eyes were a sight. I shall never forget them."—Cassell's Magazine.

The Woe of the Conquered

By Ernest McGaffey

I SEE the woe of the conquered, a winding-sheet for the slain,
Oblivion's gulf for those who fell, who struggled and strove in vain.

As of old, 'mid the plaudits of thousands, may the victor in triumph stand,
While the blood of the vanquished trickles down and reddens the yielding sand.

For the living the martial music and the clustering laurel wreath;
For the dead rust on forgotten, as a sword in a rusty sheath.

On the face of youth and health and strength should the blessing of sunshine fall;
A single shadow may well suffice the face that turns to the wall.

And he who has taken a mortal hurt in the strenuous battle of life,
Let him creep away from the dust and din, from the arduous toil and strife.

Let him go as a wounded animal goes, alone, and with glazing eye,
To the depths of the silent fastnesses, in silence there to die.

For the prow of the ship rides high and free that baffles the savage gales;
And the wind and the rain is a requiem for the wreck of the ship that fails.

Noted Feasts of Modern Times

FORTUNES SPENT AT SINGLE DINNERS

THE feasts of the ancients, while they lacked the refinement of modern civilization, says the Chicago Times-Herald, were far more costly and extraordinary than any experienced in modern times. Lucius Lucullus, on his return from his Asiatic campaign, gave feasts upon a scale never before attempted by a Roman general. On one occasion wines were served that cost $20 an ounce, and young pigs were eaten that had been roasted over a fire of burning nuts and raisins. Peacocks' tongues, live fish from distant seas, oysters from Britain, and tropical fruits from Arabia were some of the luxuries offered the guests. The cost of this feast alone was $100,000. Cicero and Pompey visited Lucullus' villa when the host was absent. Acting under his instructions to make themselves at home while they remained, they gave several dinners, which cost in the aggregate $40,000. Caligula, the Emperor, whose wickedness shocked the most brutal of his associates, built a bridge of boats three miles long, in the centre of which he caused a banquet hall to be constructed. In this was served a feast that is said to have cost half a million of dollars.

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It was in imitation of Æsopus, the spendthrift son of the great actor, that Cleopatra drank a forty-thousand-dollar pearl in a glass of wine at one of the banquets given in honor of Antony. Vitellius, the Roman Emperor, once gave a dinner that cost over $200,000. Suetonius states that the guests had the choice of two thousand dishes of fish and seven thousand of game and fowl. Aulus Verus, a Roman noble, gave a supper one night to a dozen of his cronies that made a hole of $250,000 in his bank account. Elagabalus, another of Rome's early Emperors, when eighteen years of age, entertained some of his friends at a dinner, one dish of which cost $200,000. With the decadence of the Empires of the ancient world extravagant eating and drinking became a thing of the past. In the middle ages several attempts were made by English and French aristocrats to astonish the world with their banquets, but they had neither the money nor the experience necessary to carry out their purpose. It is recorded, however, that when George Nevil was installed Archbishop of York, in 1470, he gave a feast that cost $150,000. The guests, during the day and night of the festival, consumed 80 oxen, 300 hogs, 10,000 sheep, 2000 chickens, 4000 ducks, 4000 bucks, does, and roebucks, 200 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, and other things in proportion.

The famous feasts of the nineteenth century differ from those of the classical age in many ways, but chiefly in the matter of expense and the character of the entertainment. Dinners that have cost $100 a plate in the last twenty years can be easily counted, while those amounting to $1000 a cover can be enumerated upon the fingers of one hand. The most expensive club or society dinner given during the season rarely exceeds $35 for each guest, while the average so-called "banquet" costs less than $15, with wine. The dainties and rare dishes which were served at such great expense in the olden time were expensive, simply because their ingredients had to be procured by special couriers from distant points at enormous cost. Now these same dainties are found in the markets at one's very door at prices that place them within the reach of persons of ordinary incomes. Oysters from Britain, for which the Romans paid $5 each, can now be bought for a penny.

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In these days the chief items of expense are not the edibles, but the wines, the flowers, and the decorations. The steward of the Waldorf told me recently that it was difficult to spend more than $15 per plate for the food served at a large dinner, even though terrapin costs $60 a dozen and canvasback ducks $5 a pair. When, however, you give your guests Chateau wines that cost $8 to $15 a bottle, and decorate the tables and walls of your banquet hall with hothouse roses, for which your florist charges $12 a dozen, it is easy to make the cost of your feast almost any sum you may choose to pay. The most expensive dinner ever given in New York, so I am told by men who are versed in such matters, was given by "Larry" Jerome to twenty of his friends, at Delmonico's old restaurant at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, many years ago. The guests included a number of ladies, for whom valuable gifts were provided. These consisted of diamond pins, ear-jewels, and other ornaments dear to the feminine heart, which were distributed at the close of the dinner as souvenirs of the occasion. This banquet cost $800 a plate. The viands were the most expensive that could be procured, but the great cost was for the jewelry.

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The largest dinner, in point of the number of guests in attendance, was the Columbian celebration banquet given by the city of New York, in the Lenox Lyceum, October 13, 1892, in honor of the distinguished representatives of foreign Governments and neighboring States, who went to New York to attend the festivities of that memorable occasion. The dinner was furnished by Ernest Dorval, of the Saint James, who was compelled to organize for the occasion four distinct corps of chefs, assistants and waiters, in as many kitchens, in the basement of the big building. The services of 300 persons were required in serving this monster dinner, which was as complete in every detail as if it had been given in the Saint James itself. Eight hundred and twenty-five guests were seated at the tables on the floor of the Lyceum at one time. The city paid Mr. Dorval $15 a cover for this banquet, or a total of about $12,000.

Three notable dinners at the Brunswick are worth recalling. The first was given by the Grand Duke Alexis during his visit to this country in the early '70's. The walls of the banquet hall were completely hidden by costly flowers, and the tables were laden with the most expensive dishes. There were seventy-five guests, and Alexis paid $3000, or $40 a cover, for their entertainment. While the dinner was being served in the hall, the Duke's dog, a noble-looking animal, of which he was very proud, sat at a table in an adjoining room, enjoying the same dishes as his master, and served by a special waiter. Offenbach, who was lionized to an unusual degree while in America some ten or twelve years ago, in return for the favors he had received, invited fifty of his professional friends to dine with him at the Brunswick. When the dinner, which was very elaborate, had been served, all the guests added their share to the entertainment which followed. Tragedians, comedians, dancers, and operatic stars, theatrical managers, and leaders of orchestras contributed to the pleasure. The dinner cost Offenbach $2000.

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The third of these banquets was tendered by Henry Irving to sixty guests, during his visit to the United States six years ago. The table was oval in shape, the centre being filled with a miniature lake, the banks of which were covered with ferns and flowering plants. Goldfish swam about in the water as unconcernedly as if in their native haunts. At one end of the table stood a pyramid of game that excited the admiration of all who beheld it. It was composed of every kind of edible bird or fowl that could be obtained. There were pheasants, quails, partridges, redhead and canvasback ducks, golden plovers, reed birds, woodcock and meadow-larks, all cooked, but covered with feathers and grouped as though ready to fly at the first crack of the rifle. The speechmaking which followed the dinner was continued until such a late hour that the birds were stripped of their plumage and eaten as a part of the late supper which followed. This dinner is said to have cost Mr. Irving $3000.

Thomas Frazier, of Yonkers, once gave a dinner at the Hoffman House to thirteen guests, the bill for which was $1000, or at the rate of $77 per cover. Wines worth $20 a bottle were served on this occasion. A unique feature of the dessert was candy cages containing live canaries. These were broken by the guests and the birds flew about the room. The dinner given in the Waldorf last spring to Governor Werts of New Jersey, by the members of his staff, was one of the most notable banquets of the season. The guests, fifty-six in number, sat around a big oval table, the centre of which was filled with growing plants and flowers. Each flower had hidden within its heart a tiny electric lamp of the same color as its own petals. The effect was charming in the extreme. The wines with which the dinner was washed down were of rare old vintages, specially imported. The cost was $50 a plate.

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New York, however, cannot claim all the famous banquets that have tickled the palates of the gourmets. Other cities have served feasts which have an almost historic interest. In Philadelphia forty friends of the late F. B. Gowen, who was then president of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, once gave that gentleman a dinner at the Bellevue which was a marvel in its way. The room in which it was served was thirty-eight feet square. Every foot of the walls was covered with green foliage, in which were concealed small electric lights of various colors. The room itself was a veritable flower garden. So abundant were the masses of blossoms that it was almost impossible to move from the table without crushing some of them. The table was oval in shape, the centre being filled with American Beauty roses. From these radiated maidenhair ferns across the table, thus converting the inner edge of the table into a field of green foliage. The dinner was given in winter, when flowers are most expensive and when game birds are hard to find. Frozen trapped reed-birds, snails especially imported from France, diamond-backed terrapin from Maryland, hothouse grapes that cost $4 a pound, champagnes and still wines of choice old vintages gave to the feast a richness seldom equaled in history. One hundred dollars a plate was the subscription price.

Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court has publicly declared that the most remarkable dinner ever given on this continent was that held at Kinsley's, in Chicago, by the Fellowship Club, October 20, 1892, in honor of the inauguration of the World's Fair Exposition. The great hall was decorated on all sides with American, Spanish and Italian flags. Above the tables gleamed the name of the club in red incandescent lights of quaint design. Flowers were everywhere; they adorned the walls and ceilings, were heaped in fragrant masses upon the tables and gave touches of color to the dress-coats of the guests. On one table stood a magnificent reproduction of the Administration Building, in front of which was a lagoon of real water whose banks were bordered with graveled walks imbedded in green foliage.

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The list of guests was probably the most notable ever assembled at any banquet in the United States. It included Vice-President Morton, six members of President Harrison's Cabinet, ex-President Hayes, twenty-seven governors of States, four justices of the United States Supreme Court, seventeen ministers of foreign governments, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Ireland, of Saint Paul; Papal Delegate Satolli, and other church dignitaries, besides many business men and many famous men of letters. When the venison course was reached four stalwart men, attired as hunters, entered the banquet hall bearing upon their shoulders the carcass of a fine deer, which was shortly after served in juicy steaks, a quartet in the meantime singing the Huntsman's Song from As You Like It.

Another dinner of the Fellowship Club which deserves special mention took place at Kinsley's, in Chicago, January 25, 1894. It was held in honor of James W. Scott, of the Chicago Herald, and Lyman J. Gage and F. S. Winston, who were to sail for Europe the following week. When the members of the club pushed aside the curtains leading to the banquet hall they were surprised to find themselves looking upon a full-rigged section of the Fuerst Bismarck, with her gang-plank lowered ready for all hands to step on board. The head waiter wore the uniform of her commander, and his assistants and waiters were dressed as officers and sailors respectively. The effect was more realistic than the reproductions usually seen on the stage. The tables were arranged along the deck, from the centre of which the big ship's funnels lifted themselves. Clouds of steam poured out of their tops, just as if the Fuerst Bismarck was about to cast off her lines and start on her voyage across the deep. The details of the furnishings of the deck were complete, even to the compass, the wheel, the life-saving buoys and the starboard and port lights. Along the water-line of her black hull were the port-holes of the staterooms, in which lights were burning. The big steam whistle by the side of the funnels was used to cut off long-winded speech-makers.

Humor of Childhood

WISDOM OF THE NURSERY

PRAYING FOR OLD CLOTHES.—Mamma: "Why didn't you ask God in your prayer to make your brother well?" Robbie: "'Cause then I'd have to go on wearing his old clothes made over."

JUSTIFICATION OF A CHAPERON.—Little Miss Rich (haughtily): "My sister never goes out without a chaperon." Little Miss Dainty (disdainfully): "My sister would not be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister."

THE RETORT CAUSTIC.—Little Miss Freckles (proudly): "My new doll winds up and walks." Little Miss Mugg (airily): "If I'd a-known that kind was bein' sold in the stores I'd a-got one for a waiting-maid for my dolly."

JUSTICE TO THE POUND.—Mamma: "What do you mean, pounding your little brother's finger with the hammer?" "Well, 'cause that's just what I did to mine, and you said he must have everything just the same as I have."

GRANDMA BY COURTESY.—"Oh, children! You are so noisy to-day. Can't you be a little stiller and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little considerate and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

DISCOURAGING STUDY.—"Ma," said a discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother. "'Cause 'taint any use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

DOLLY'S FEAT.—A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust: "You dear, good, obedient dolly, I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think that you would chew it so fine as that."

GUESSING AND THINKING.—Little boy: "Teacher asked what was the capital of New York, and I said I guessed Albany was, and she gave me a black mark." Mother: "Albany was correct. She probably marked you for saying 'I guess' instead of 'I think.'" Little boy: "But I wasn't thinking. I was just guessing."

WHAT IS A DOZEN?—At a country school in England it is said that one of the examiners in a general exercise wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.—A Sunday-school. Johnny: "I say, Miss Jones, I know now why you didn't want me to rob bird-nests last spring." Miss Jones (with an oriole in her hat): "Why was it, Johnny?" Johnny (gazing with admiring eyes at the hat): "'Cause you wanted the birds to grow big enough to wear 'em."

THE POINT OF VIEW.—"Johnny, can you define for us the difference between 'caution' and 'cowardice'?" Johnny: "Yessum. When you're scart to go out on a boat and stay home for fear it'll sink, and the boat comes in all right, it's 'cowardice.'" Teacher: "Well?" Johnny: "And if you're scart and stay at home, and the boat does sink, then it's 'caution.'"

A PRAYER WITH A CODICIL.—Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa, and take care of him," he was beginning, as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."

THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY.—Miss R—— was telling her Sunday-school class of small boys about the Shut-in Society, whose members are persons confined by illness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "that would have had great sympathy for these that are so shut in?" "I know," said a little boy; "some one in the Bible, ain't it?" "Yes, and who, Johnny?" "Jonah," was the spirited answer.

JACK'S LOGIC.—Jackie: "Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam now?" Mamma: "No, you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours." Jackie: "I only had luncheon three hours ago, didn't I?" Mamma: "Yes." Jackie: "Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my luncheon did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam."

TWO FOR A POUND.—The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on cubes, and some of the pupils had given examples. The teacher wanted more, but no one could think of any. Finally a boy said, "I know a good cube—half a pound of butter." "Why, that is excellent," cried the teacher. "Now, who can give me another example, as good as Henry's?" After a long time she saw a hand waving wildly in the back of the room. "Well, Willie, what is it?" "Why, the other half-pound of that butter," said Willie triumphantly.

How Gaspard Saved His Honor

THE VICTORY OF A BRAVE MAN

By Francis Gribble

THEY shake their heads with unpleasant significance at Zermatt if you ask them about Gaspard Lafargue, and what befell him. For one thing, Gaspard was a Chamonix guide, and Chamonix guides are no more popular in the Zermatt Valley than on the Oberland. For the rest—but that is the story that I have to tell.

An English tourist, who has no other connection with the story, brought Gaspard to Zermatt, much against his will, in the beginning of July. Before July was over Gaspard had made up his mind that the longer he stayed at Zermatt the better he should be pleased.

It was all because of the laughing eyes of Nannette, the pretty French chambermaid at the Mont Cervin. She at any rate had no prejudice against the guides who came from Chamonix and made love so much more romantically than their brothers of German-speaking Switzerland; so she and Gaspard built their romance together, and formed their plans to make each other happy. They built their beautiful air-castles, and lived in the delight of their future together as sweetly as could any grande dame and her lover, for this Alpine guide and his little Nannette loved each other.

"Nannette," he told her one day, "when the summer is over I shall have saved fifteen hundred francs."

"And I, Gaspard, shall have a *dot* of five hundred francs."

"And I have a rich uncle, Nannette. He, also, will lend me a little money, and together we will take a little hotel—such a pretty little hotel—that I know of, close to Chamonix. All the gentlemen I have climbed with will come to stay there; and I will still be a guide, and you shall look after the house, and we will always be happy—oh, so happy, just we two, dear!"

♦

So they planned it, and after his employer had gone back to England, Gaspard found it hard to tear himself away from Zermatt.

The other guides were jealous of him. What business had he in Zermatt, they asked, doing work that by rights belonged to them? And some of them, the younger and unmarried men, were jealous of him in another sense, declaring loudly that a Chamonix man had no right to make love to a Zermatt girl. All that they could say, therefore, to prejudice tourists against Gaspard Lafargue they said. But Gaspard was a man of proved prowess among the mountains, and he found engagements.

One tourist in particular took him out with him continually. He was an Englishman; his name was Richards, and he was a beginner at the craft. He had just been graduated from Oxford, and was on this trip to Switzerland filled with enthusiasm and that reckless disregard of personal danger that seems breathed in the very air of the mountains.

It all arose through a certain sporting offer that Gaspard made to Mr. Richards on the afternoon on which he walked into Zermatt from Saint Nicklaus. Gaspard accosted him, as is the habit of the guides, showed him his book of testimonials, and proposed that they should make an ascent together. Harry Richards stood talking with him, and the names of many peaks were mentioned. The Zinal Roth-horn was suggested as a good one to begin with.

"One wants two guides for that," Harry Richards said, "and two guides is more than I can afford."

"You can make the Zinal Roth-horn from Zermatt with only one guide, monsieur," Gaspard answered.

The Englishman expressed surprise. Baedecker said differently. Gaspard renewed his offer.

"Yes, monsieur. I will take you up the Zinal Roth-horn by myself, and you shall not pay me a single centime unless we get to the top in perfect safety."

♦

Decidedly it was a sporting offer, for it was made in utter ignorance of the Englishman's climbing powers, and rested only on the rash generalization that all Englishmen, who climb at all, climb well. Moreover, there is a certain awkward rock traverse on the Zinal Roth-horn where an inexperienced climber may easily come to grief, and bring his companion to grief with him.

The offer, however, was accepted, and the top of the mountain duly reached, and afterward Harry Richards took Gaspard Lafargue with him on all his more difficult excursions.

But it is only with one of these excursions—the last of them—that this story is especially concerned. It was in the English traveler's mind, if the weather should be favorable, to climb Mont Rosa—a toilsome expedition, and to a party of less than three, more than a little perilous. But it is an expedition that he never undertook, though he had fixed a day for it. In the course of a preliminary walk to make a reconnoissance of the route the inevitable happened. For, as all the world knows, two men cannot go alone up a snow-masked glacier without the risk of accident. There is no need to make a long story of the excursion. In truth there is hardly anything to be told about it. They reconnoitred little, for it was a dull, gray day, with clouds and mist drifting hither and thither, and a dark sky continually threatening snow. And at last the moment came when, high up on the Mont Rosa Glacier, the English traveler slipped through a snow-bridge into a crevasse, and his guide held him dangling by the rope, and could not pull him out of it.

♦

Gaspard Lafargue could just sustain the weight and that was all. His companion's struggles to release himself nearly pulled him off his feet. Dropping on one knee that he might the better bear the strain, he shouted such directions as he could.

"Can you reach the side of the crevasse with your ice-axe, monsieur?" he called.

But Harry Richards could not. The wall nearest to him was hollowed like an arch, and he could not so much as touch it.

"And the crevasse is deep, monsieur?"

"I can't see the bottom of it."

A pause, and then—the voice loomed loud and clear in the deathly stillness of the mountain heights:

"I think I can hold you, monsieur, if you will drop your axe and climb up the rope."

But the rope was slippery from trailing in the snow, and in parts glazed with ice. It was impossible to get such a grip on it as a man must if he would climb hand over hand; and this, the last way of safety, failed.

There was a fresh pause, while both the French guide and the English tourist looked death in the face, and racked their brains in vain for some device by which the imminent end might be averted. Everything was still; the clouds were blackening, the snow had begun to fall, and there was no chance that any one would bring them help.

Then the voice of the Englishman was heard calling from the chasm:

"Gaspard."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Cut the rope, Gaspard."

"I must not, monsieur, I must not."

It is the unwritten but most stringent rule of mountain climbing: a man may cut the rope to save a friend, but not to save himself. But Harry Richards, hanging in the crevasse, was not bound by rules. He called again:

"Gaspard."

"Yes, monsieur."

"You cannot save me, Gaspard?"

"I fear not, monsieur."

The words were bravely spoken, with the firmness of a strong man who stares death in the face, and with the strength of despair, realizing the cost, dares to do his duty.

"Then cut the rope. I can't cut it myself because my knife has been jerked out of my pocket. Cut it for me."

♦

Then there was silence—a silence as of the grave—while Gaspard Lafargue battled with himself. He was no coward. All the Swiss guides are brave, and he was among the bravest of them. At Chamonix and at Courmayeur there still linger stirring stories of his pluck. He had stood in just such a peril as this once before. The watch he carried in his pocket had been given to him by an English Alpinist whose life he had saved at hideous danger to his own; he had been covered with glory for his courage in the pages of the Alpine Journal. And he had been brave without thought of the glory, but merely because it was his duty as a mountain guide.

Now, too, he could be as brave as ever, but for a single thought—the thought of Nannette, with the laughing eyes, waiting for him at the Mont Cervin and wondering why he did not come. Through the mist and snow he seemed to see the smile of mingled love and pride with which she always welcomed him back after his perilous excursions. Again he pictured her anxiety deepening into terror as the hour grew later and he did not return; her sobs, bitter and inconsolable, when the search party found the bodies and told her of his end.

"Never to see Nannette again! Never to see Nannette again!"

He said the words softly over to himself, and they unmanned him. The thought was more than he could bear. Straining every muscle to save himself from being drawn, even now at the last moment, into the icy cavern, he pulled the knife out of his pocket with his left hand, and after great effort succeeded in opening it with his teeth.

"For Nannette's sake," he murmured, as he drew the blade across the strands.

The strain ceased, and he was free; and then a fresh thought began to trouble him. The first sense of relief only lasted for a moment; the sip of brandy that he took to revive his circulation hardly prolonged the moment, and then he was overwhelmed with the inevitable horror at the thing that he had done. For a brave man who plays the coward, or merely does what the convention of his class has settled to be cowardly, must needs pay for it afterward.

Gaspard remembered the case of Peter Taugwalder. They hounded Peter out of Zermatt on the mere suspicion—the unjust suspicion, as most think—of having cut the rope. But, in his own case, as Gaspard knew, it would not be a suspicion, but a certainty. There were the proofs resting at the bottom of the crevasse, where they must presently be found, but where he could not descend to tamper with them.

♦

They did not love him, those Zermatt guides, and what a handle he had given them! He pictured his home-coming and his reception; the question what he had done with his Herr; the inevitable answer that he had left him on the mountain; the search that he himself would be expected to direct; the awful discovery of the truth. How they would look at him, and scorn him! What stories they would spread of him—stories Nannette, perhaps, would be the first to hear, for bad news travels on the wings of the eagle.

Yes, that was the worst thought of all.

How could he face Nannette again with that shame behind him? And how could Nannette go on loving him when this tale ran riot in the village, and he could not deny it. Better, surely, never to see her at all than to see her when he must feel fit only for her pity and contempt.

So his thoughts ran on, as he stood half-dazed amid the blinding snow.

"No, no," he said. "I cannot go back. I do not dare go back. Better to die here, alone, while no one knows."

♦

A new wave of feeling swept over him. What cared he what the villagers would think of him? What cared he if the whole world looked upon him with scorn? So long as Nannette believed him true, the whole world was as a flake of snow compared to an avalanche. But could he dare to look into her face, day after day, and know that she knew that she felt him traitor to his trust? No! such a life would be death—harder to bear than this lonely dying in the mountain silence.

Then he crept close up to the edge of the crevasse and crouched there. He felt no impulse to throw himself into it. A man does not seek a violent death, when a calm and peaceful death can be attained as easily. But he threw himself down on the very verge of the frozen gulf where his Herr lay buried, and the cold stiffened out his limbs, and the snowflakes fell on him and formed his canopy. And so he lay when old Christian Summermatter, who led the search party, stumbled on the body, and saw the cut rope, and understood.

Yet, though he understood, old Christian did not speak. For Christian, though he liked not the men of Chamonix, respected both the faith of the living and the memory of the dead, and Nannette, of the Mont Cervin, never knew how Gaspard Lafargue had shamed himself before he died.

♦♦♦

Words that Lost Caste*

By Gilbert M. Tucker

OUR evil tendency to grumble and complain of our surroundings, and to find fault with our fellow-men, has been instrumental in the degradation of a number of common expressions. Can it be believed, for instance, that "homely" would ever have come to mean ugly among people cultivating a due spirit of contentment with their daily lot? The adjectives "chronic" and "inveterate," and also the nouns "plight" and "predicament," ought to be as freely applicable to desirable states and conditions as to the reverse.

A "catastrophe," too, is really only the final act of a drama, whether tragic or comic, and has, perhaps, become so nearly the synonym of "disaster" chiefly because we are so apt to take it for granted in our talk, if not in our real convictions, that things generally turn out badly. The same feeling is shown in our constant restriction of the use of the adjective "ominous," and the verbs to "bode" and to "presage," which words we never use except in connection with misfortunes. Etymologically, appearances might be "ominous" of joy, or "presage" great success; we might have "forebodings" of the most roseate hue.

To "censure" was once merely to express an opinion, as in Richard III: "Will you go and give your censures in this business?" To "traduce" was simply to blame, not to slander; so Enobarbus speaks of Antony (Antony and Cleopatra, III, 7) as being "traduced" for levity. But our judgment of each other is so often uncharitably and undeservedly severe that the meanings of these words have become limited to unfavorable judgment and unfounded condemnation; and it appears to me that "animadvert" and "criticise" are going the same way as "censure"; we apply them much more frequently, I think, to the expression of blame than of commendation.

♦

The epithet "egregious" might formerly have been coupled with the name of the most distinguished philosopher, poet, or statesman, but we are so much readier at abusing our neighbors than praising them, that the term has dropped almost entirely its good use; and we are so likely, in characterizing any person as at all peculiar, which is all that "egregious" really signifies, to mean that he is peculiarly disagreeable, that one rather expects nowadays some highly damaging appellation to follow when a man is mentioned as "an egregious—" and there the speaker pauses. So with "arrant," formerly the same as "errant," and meaning merely "wandering," but later used as synonymous with "notorious," and since 1575 "as an opprobrious intensive."

Man's propensity to overreach his fellows when he can, and to take unfair advantage of their necessities, has branded several words with new opprobrium. To "prevent" is really only to get ahead of, or to precede, as in the English Common Prayer: "Let Thy grace always prevent and follow us"; and in Hamlet (II, 2): "So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery." But, alas! those who reach first a desirable goal are so wont to take advantage of their position, not to help others get there, too, but to block the way, if possible, that the verb, which ought only to describe the arrival of the first comers in advance of the rest, is now understood as implying their doing all to monopolize the good fortune, and "prevent" others that follow them from sharing it.

"Let" originally meant to "hinder" or to "prevent," a meaning of the word which persists even to the present day in old deeds and mortgages, which state that "the party of the second part is to have full and free use of a certain lot, without let or hindrance of the party of the first part."

♦

Of the great multitude of other degraded words that do not so readily fall into classes, but illustrate, nevertheless, each one, the prevalence of some blameworthy course of action or thought, may be instanced "gossip," which denoted first a fellow-sponser in baptism, next an intimate friend, and finally a too-talkative and, therefore, often dangerous companion; "voluble," which was only fluent (and not unduly fluent as at present) when Bishop Hacket, a little more than two hundred years ago, wrote of Archbishop Abbott that "he was of a grave and voluble eloquence"; "conceit," properly the equivalent of "idea" or "opinion," but rarely used now except for such opinions as the speaker deems ill-founded or absurd; "profane," which originally meant only secular or non-sacred, as we still say, "profane history," and its opposite, "fanatic," which really signifies about the same as "inspired"; "libertine" and "miscreant," formerly synonymous with free-thinker and infidel, and having reference solely to the man's opinions instead of his actions; "obsequious," which originally implied merely the exercise of affectionate and becoming obedience; "fussy," which was once the same as "busy"; an "apology," which was of old only a defense, by no means implying that the thing apologized for was in the slightest degree admitted to be improper, but merely that it had been attacked; "ringleader" and "notorious," which have only in modern times become restricted to their present evil sense.

♦

Among other words may be noted "bush-whacking," which was originally "a harmless word, denoting simply the process of propelling a boat by pulling the bushes, or of beating them down in order to open a way through the thicket"; a "proser," which term really indicates a person who writes prose, whether tiresome or the reverse; "casuistry," the science of determining what is duty, but more generally applied to specious attempts at making the worse appear the better reason; "emissary," a messenger, but almost always now a messenger of evil purposes; "demagogue," a leader of the people—Dean Swift calls Demosthenes and Cicero demagogues, intending to do them honor; "silly," which was originally synonymous with "harmless" or "innocent"; "willful," which should mean not much more than determined, though in practice we never hear of the willful performance of anything but evil; "audacious," now understood to mean "impudent," but formerly the same as "brave"; "beldame," originally a grandmother; "abominable," which once meant only "excessive" or "monstrous"; "barefaced," which for a long time signified "undisguised," and only more recently, "shameless"; "rife," which I think we seldom employ now except in connection with something unpleasant; "virago," which Johnson defines, first, as "a female warrior," and the verb "to jew"—all which are invariably used in a highly offensive sense not at all implied by their etymology.

* A reading extract from Our Common Speech, a delightful little volume by Gilbert M. Tucker (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Under the Evening Lamp

When I Miss You

By Bruce Whitney

WHEN morning's light first tints the gray of dawn,
And sleepless eyes tell day is here,
And all the world is stirring into life,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When noontime comes, and brings its hour of rest
From busy toil, so full of care and fear;
When man so needs the solace of a smile,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When twilight falls, and all the world is still,
When echoes come from far and near,
And sighing winds lull weary souls to rest,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

Through every moment of the lagging day,
So long without your words of cheer,
And when, at night, I kneel me down to pray,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

◆

A King's Vanity Shown on Our Watch

IT IS a tradition among watchmakers that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use was made by Henry Vick, in 1370. He made it for Charles V of France, who has been called "the Wise." Now Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in these enlightened ages. Still he had a reputation for wisdom, and thought that it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

So the story runs in this fashion, although I will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day:

"Yes, the clock works well," said Charles, "but," being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, "you have got the figures on the dial wrong."

"Wherein, your Majesty?" asked Vick.

"That four should be four ones," said the King.

"You are wrong, your Majesty," said Vick.

"I am never wrong," thundered the King. "Take it away and correct the mistake!" and corrected it was, and from that day to this four o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII instead of IV. The tradition has ever since been faithfully followed.

◆

How Sleeplessness May be Cured

AMONG devices found to control insomnia the Medical Register mentions the following: The sound of water dropping slowly and steadily into a pan occupies and quiets the brain. This is the principle on which we are told to count sheep going over a fence, and do any sort of automatic thinking, if such an expression be permissible. A former victim of insomnia cured himself by keeping the eyeballs looking down. Another kept rolling them in one direction with good effect, repeating, meanwhile, a certain word or number. Long inspirations by the mouth and expirations by the nostrils, conceiving the air as currents, have been found effectual. All intellectual exercise should be stopped half an hour before bedtime. A tumbler of milk, instead of the usual copious draughts of water, taken during sleeplessness, will often help to overcome it.

◆

The Hottest Spot on Earth

ONE of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goat-skin bag round his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is hauled up, and the diver taking breath plunges in again. The source of these submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, five hundred miles distant.

◆

How Large Was Ancient Rome?

AFTER carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question, I am convinced, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, that in estimating the number at 4,000,000, I am rather understating than overstating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. De Quincey also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at 4,000,000. I will only cite one fact, and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor, at a later period probably, 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants if there were 4,000,000. But as one-half of the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation then for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one-half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in four. Again, striking out the young children, and the old men, and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it?—for such must have been the case were there only 4,000,000 inhabitants. But suppose there were only 1,000,000 inhabitants, it is plain that it would never have been possible to half fill the circus.

◆

Clever and Amusing Toasts

AMONG witty and amusing toasts the following may be worth noting:

A rather cynical toast ran thus: "Woman—she requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself."

A gallant young man, under the same festal circumstances, referred to one member of the sex he eulogized as "a delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled."

At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple one guest, in the speech of the evening, wished them "unspeakable bliss."

A writer of comedies was giving a banquet in honor of his latest work, at which a jovial guest gave the toast: "The author's very good health! May he live to be as old as his jokes."

At another gathering were toasted "The Bench and the Bar: if it were not for the Bar, there would be little use for the Bench."

As pithy was the toast at a shoemaker's dinner: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot."

◆

Your Billions of Ancestors

DID you ever think how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? First, it was necessary that you should have a father and mother. That makes two human beings. Each of them must have had a father and mother. That makes four more human beings. Again, each of them must have had a father and mother, making eight more human beings. So on we go, back to the time of Jesus Christ—fifty-six generations. The calculation thus resulting shows that 139,235,-017,489,534,976 births must have taken place to bring you into this world—you who read these lines! All this since the birth of Christ—not since the beginning of time. According to Proctor, if from a single pair, for 5,000 years, each husband and wife had married at twenty-one years of age and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915 followed by 144 ciphers. It would require to hold this population a number of worlds the size of this equal to 3,166,526 followed by 125 ciphers. The mind shrinks at such immense numbers.

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National Forms of Greeting

"HOW do you do?" That's English and American. "How do you carry yourself?" That's French. "How do you stand?" That's Italian. "How do you find yourself?" That's German. "How do you fare?" That's Dutch. "How can you?" That's Swedish. "How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian. "How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese. "How do you have yourself?" That's Polish. "How do you live on?" That's Russian. "May thy shadow never be less." That's Persian—and all mean much the same thing.

◆

Photographing a Drop of Liquid

PROFESSOR WORTHINGTON, says a writer in Knowledge, has been studying a curious phenomenon for twenty years. The splash of a drop occurs in the twinkling of an eye; yet it is an exquisitely regulated phenomenon, and one which very happily illustrates some of the fundamental properties of the fluid. The problem which Professor Worthington has succeeded in solving is to let a drop of definite size fall from a fixed height in comparative darkness onto a surface, and to illuminate it by a flash of exceedingly short duration at any desired stage, so as to exclude all the stages previous and subsequent to those thus selected. The numerous illustrations in his volume testify to the accuracy and beauty of his work. The curious results of a splash of a drop of mercury from a height of three inches upon a smooth glass plate are particularly interesting. Very soon after the first moment of impact minute rays are shot out in all directions on the surface with marvelous regularity. From the ends of the rays droplets of liquid split off. The liquid subsides in the middle, and afterward flows into a ring. The ring then divides in such a manner as to join up the rays in pairs. Thereafter the whole contracts, till the liquid rises in the centre, so as to form the beginning of the rebound of the drop from the plate. Immediately the drops at the ends of the arms break off, while the central mass rises in a column, which just falls, itself to break up into drops. He photographed no fewer than thirty successive stages of the splash within the twentieth of a second, so that the average interval between them was about the six-hundredth of a second. Remarkable are the splashes of water-drops falling sixteen inches into milk, but more beautiful are the dome forms when the height is fifty-two inches.

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When Mabel Smiles

By Samuel Minturn Peck

WHEN Mabel smiles my heart beats high,
A softer azure tints the sky,
And zephyrs sweet flit laughing by,
With strains unheard before.
While I look in her peerless eyes,
And envy not the rich and wise,
Nor Heavenward gaze with wistful sighs,
For Heaven can yield no more.

When Mabel frowns the world is drear,
Each trembling dewdrop seems a tear,
The roses droop in grief and fear,
And cease to breathe perfume.
Alas, for me, a mournful swain,
The dismal moments drag in pain,
For who could bear to meet disdain
From lips so full of bloom!

When Mabel smiles my heart is proud,
When Mabel frowns my heart is bowed;
But be she dark or sunny-browed
She reigns my bosom's queen;
And well she knows who rules in state,
That joy and pain must alternate;
And so fair Mabel hides my fate,
A smile and frown between.—Life.

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Longest Twelve-Word Telegram

THERE were four hundred and fifty competitors for the prize offered by an English journal for the longest twelve-word telegram, and the winner put in the following, which was accepted for transmission for sixpence—the regular rate: "Administrator-general's counter-revolutionary intercommunications uncircumstantiated. Quartermaster-general's disproportionableness characteristically contradistinguished unconstitutionalists' incomprehensibilities."

◆

The Mechanism of a Flower Clock

GARDENERS should know that it is quite possible to so arrange flowers in a garden that all the purposes of a clock will be answered. It is said that in the time of Pliny forty-six flowers were known to open and shut at certain hours of the day, and this number has since been largely increased. For instance, a bed of common dandelions would show it was five-thirty in the morning and eight-thirty at night, respectively, for these flowers open and shut at the times named, frequently to the minute. The common hawk-weed opens at eight in the morning and may be depended upon to close within a few minutes of two in the afternoon. The yellow goat's-beard shuts at twelve o'clock noon, absolutely to the minute, sidereal time. Our clocks do not follow the sun, but are generally a few minutes fast or slow, according to the longitude of the place where they are. The goat's-beard, however, is true time all the world over. The sow-thistle opens at five A. M., and closes at eleven-twelve A. M. The white lily opens at seven A. M. and closes at five P. M.

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Thoughts About Truth

TRUTH and oil are ever above.—PROVERB.

TRUTH is the highest thing that man may keep.—CHAUCER.

TRUTH, like roses, often blossoms upon a thorny stem.—HAFIZ.

TRUTH is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.—DRYDEN.

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by outward touch as the sunbeam.—MILTON.

TRUTH is a queen who has her eternal throne in Heaven and her seat of empire in the heart of God.

TRUTH is never learned, in any department of industry, by arguing, but by working and observing.—RUSKIN.

TRUTH does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression.—ALFORD.

TRUTH is to be costly to you—of labor and patience; and you are never to sell it, but to guard it and to give.—RUSKIN.

Facts in a Nutshell

MODERN SCIENCE IN MINIATURE

TWENTY lives lie between the Emperor of Germany and the British throne.

OF THE twenty-seven Royal Families of Europe, two-thirds are of German origin.

LITTLE oak trees, an inch-and-a-half high, are grown by Chinese gardeners. They take root in thimbles.

IT IS claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other known body of water.

NO PICTURE is ever hung on the walls of the Louvre in Paris until the artist shall have been dead ten years.

THE letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has twelve, the Tartarian, 202.

THE largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ingot, or "looI," of Annam, a flat, round piece, worth about $325, the value written on it in India ink.

AN OCULIST, who has been studying the human eye for thirty years, declares that all great men of the past and present had or have blue or gray eyes.

IT IS estimated that 293 hairs on the head, 39 on the chin, 23 on the forearm and 19 on the back of the hand are respectively contained in an area of a quarter of an inch.

IT IS said that under the influence of hashisch you know neither time nor space, and that if you have your thoughts on some place you have never seen, you obtain a clear and accurate image of it.

THE Japanese religion demands that a man must worship on the soil every day. Princes and rich men evade this by sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of the room, on a square of cement made for the purpose.

SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten average people ought to live that long if they take proper care of themselves.

TO THIS day Lapp men and women dress precisely alike. Their tunics belted loosely at the waist, their tight breeches and their wrinkled leathern stockings, their pointed shoes—the whole appearance of them, in short, is identical.

DURING the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 soldiers, who are withdrawn from productive occupations to pose as soldiers. The pay, equipments, food and clothing of these men cost the world's taxpayers nearly $8,000,000 a day.

ALL the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte cost his country $1,375,000,000, while the wars of Louis Napoleon cost France $2,210,000,000. The former made the enemy pay most of the expense; the expense of the wars waged by the latter was borne by France.

ONE of the most remarkable sights to be seen in Australia is a burning mountain 1820 feet in height. The mountain is supposed to be underlaid with an inexhaustible coal seam, which in some way became ignited. It was burning long before the advent of white men to that part of the country.

BELOW are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing: Subsconstitutionalist, Incomprehensibility, Philoprogenitiveness, Honorificibilitudinity, Antropophagenenarian, Disproportionableness, Velocipedestrianistical, Transubstantiationableness, Proantitransubstantiationist.

WHY do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is because they know in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task, another takes its place.

THE most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age, five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were gray; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

THE lowest temperature ever recorded on the earth was taken at Werchojansk, in the interior of Siberia, January 15, 1885. It was 90 degrees and a fraction below zero. There the earth is frozen to a depth of about 100 feet, and in the warmest season it never thaws. The highest temperature recorded is 124 degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 14, 1879. Greely, the Arctic explorer, probably experienced a wider range of temperature than any other living man. He recorded 66 degrees below zero at Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin Bay. On another occasion, in the Maricopa Desert, of Arizona, his thermometer in the shade ran up to 114.

In the Children's World

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Darkness in the Nursery

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE Dark comes with me up the stair;
It follows me to bed;
It watches while I say my prayer
Till the last word is said.

I scramble in beneath the sheet;
Down in the orchard rows
The Wind gets out his trumpet sweet,
And blows, and blows, and blows.

The Dark is in my chamber here,
The Wind out in the tree;
My mother says I need not fear
They will do aught to me.

For, far above the Wind, the Dark,
Sits God, who made them all—
The grass, the star like a red spark,
The green bough by the wall.

My mother with her lamp comes in;
The Dark goes out the door;
The table-legs throw shadows thin
Across the chamber floor.

The Wind from out the orchard slips;
Around the house he goes;
He sets his trumpet to his lips,
And blows, and blows, and blows.—
The Independent.

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The New Girl at School

By Ida Lemon

WE WERE all very fond of Mary Wynne. She was the most popular girl in the school. There are some people who are good at whatever they attempt, and she was one of them. She did her lessons well, she was musical, and she was splendid at games. She was pretty, too, and good company.

We were friends. I don't know why she cared for me—because I was her opposite in every way. I had to plod at whatever I attempted, and except my music there was nothing in which I could equal, much less surpass her, but I suppose the music drew us together—that and my undisguised admiration of herself.

Perhaps the thing I thought most of in Mary was her skill at games. Since my childhood I have been a little lame, and never have excelled in anything athletic, for which reason I have envied those who do. Mary had been the only girl in a family of seven, and had consequently always played with her brothers. She was the champion lawn-tennis player of the neighborhood. I have seen a great many of the best players since my schooldays, but never any one who played more easily than Mary Wynne.

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When we were in our last year, she and I, and were beginning to talk of separation, for she was to go to Vassar and I to a musical college, there came to the school a new girl. She had a pretty name, Lilias Margetson, and we looked forward to her being an acceptable addition to our little family. There were few enough of us to make variety pleasant. The mistress of the school never accepted more than a certain number of pupils, and it was the departure of our head girl, Rosamond Paget, that made it possible for her to come.

"Oh," was the long-drawn monosyllable which greeted my ear, an expressive exclamation that made me look first at Mary and then at the door, where by the side of the principal stood the newcomer.

And "Oh," repeated I involuntarily.

She was not in the least like what we had hoped or expected, and our disappointment seemed to turn to contempt of the innocent cause thereof. She certainly was not attractive. She was short and meagre-looking; she wore glasses; she had thin, sharp features, and was dressed in what we afterward said to each other was a very dowdy style.

Miss Cuxon introduced her and left us together.

There were about eight girls in the room including Mary and me, and it is no wonder if Lilias felt shy. She walked awkwardly toward the window and stood looking out into the garden. Most of the girls went on with their occupations, but Mary, whose manners were usually gentle, moved toward her and standing by her side tried to draw her into conversation. I followed, but in spite of our well-intentioned efforts we did not manage either to entertain or be entertained. We saw at once that the new girl was not likely to be a substitute for our merry Rosamond. She was monosyllabic and heavy in the extreme.

"I don't like her at all," whispered Mary to me as we went downstairs to supper with our arms round each other's waist.

"Perhaps she's shy," I suggested.

"Stupid," Mary answered. "And I could sooner forgive anything else. There is something so aggravating in a stupid person."

Mary's verdict soon became unanimous; "dull," "stupid" and "uninteresting" were the comments that went round after the new girl had been with us a few days. I was no exception to the majority. I did not care for her, though she did not annoy me as she did Mary. I was so much less brilliant than the latter that I could not feel quite as she did.

"She is inoffensive at any rate," I said once, in her defense.

"Not to me," was Mary's quick rejoinder. "I'll tell you why, Nell. She makes me angry with myself. It's not right to dislike people, and yet she makes me dislike her. She has never done me any harm, of course. But she is so utterly uninteresting. One feels that people like that ought to apologize for their existence. That very gray dress that she always wears and the bit of stuff in the neck annoy me.

"Perhaps she is poor," said I, who felt bound to say something in defense of her.

"It isn't that. You are always making excuses for her. No, she has no taste. She is altogether heavy and clumsy."

For all that I set to work to find out if there were not something to love in Lilias. She did not welcome my society as if it gave her any pleasure, but she suffered me to talk to her and answered my questions, of which there were few enough, quite naturally. She was an orphan, it appeared, and had been brought up by an uncle who was a bachelor. She had one sister who was in Germany. They had never been parted till lately. The first time that I had seen any approach to good looks in her was when she spoke of her sister. There was something touching in the way she said, reddening, "You would like Eva. She is different from me."

It was easy to see that there was no one like "Eva" in her eyes.

Still she did not talk to the girls about her sister till the day when she and they had the discussion about the tennis. And this was how it happened, and how a change in public opinion about her was started.

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There was to be a tournament—the last of the season—in the grounds of Mrs. Crooke, the squire's wife, and our girls were to be permitted to take part in it, Mary and the three other best players being chosen. Consequently there was not a spare half-hour that was not spent on our lawn. One beautiful afternoon we had nearly all gone there to watch the play. Even Lilias appeared to exhibit a little interest. She was sitting by me, and she put her book on one side instead of, as usual, burying herself in it. It was a long set; our champion, Mary, and her partner were not in quite such good form as usual, and that gave their opponents a better chance. The games were nearly equal, and it was by one that they were conquerors at last.

"Don't you think Mary Wynne is a very good player?" I said to Lilias. "I have never seen a girl play better."

"I have," said Lilias quietly.

"Who then?" inquired one of the others.

"My sister," said Lilias blushing.

"Oh," muttered the girl skeptically.

"What is that?" inquired Mary, who had joined us at that minute.

"Why, Miss Margetson is making out she does not think much of your play."

"I didn't say that!" said Lilias; "I only said my sister could play better!"

"Unfortunately," said Alice Grain, Mary's partner, "your sister can't give us a specimen of her skill. For my part, I doubt your assertion, unless she is a very exceptional player."

"She is," said Lilias.

"Oh"—with a sneer—"how is it you can't play at all, then?"

"I can play," was the answer, somewhat to our surprise.

We had gathered round her, and, perhaps, the fact that she was standing up for her sister before us all had given her spirit. At any rate, it remained with her, now she had to defend herself against our suspicion.

"Dear me! Why, you always said you couldn't!"

"I said I didn't—not that I couldn't!"

"Oh, if you could you would, fast enough. Seeing is believing with me. I suppose you can play better than Mary, too?"

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Lilias glanced for a moment at Mary who, though taking no part in the argument, was listening. Perhaps she saw the half-scornful smile which was on her lips. At any rate, she suddenly drew herself up, and said, clearly and defiantly: "I believe I can!"

They all laughed.

"Suppose we try," said Mary.

Lilias cast down her eyes, and was silent.

"Well!" somebody remarked.

"Miss Wynne is tired," said Lilias.

"Oh, no!" cried Mary. "And if I am, you are out of practice, so we are equally matched."

"Perhaps, after all, you would rather not play," said Alice; "only, of course, you can't expect us to consider you our tennis champion on your word only."

She turned on her heel, and Mary was just following her, when Lilias sprang up.

"I will play," she said, in a voice high with excitement.

Poor little Lilias! Every girl in the group that watched them desired Mary's conquest and her defeat. She knew it. Mary, of course, had no belief in the skill of her opponent. One could see that by the way she served. And she won the first game. But it was evident that Lilias was not quite so insignificant as we had imagined. It was true she was a little out of practice, but she had been, was still, a thorough mistress of the game. Her playing was most scientific. She seemed to divine by instinct where every ball would fall. Gradually, as she warmed to her work, she gained more and more on Mary. She was a splendid player. Mary saw it, too, and her own play grew more careful. But it was no use. Long before the set was finished, we were all obliged unwillingly to admit that Lilias had spoken the truth.

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By degrees we ventured on a little applause, and, at last, when she took a most difficult ball which had fallen at the very extremity of the court while she had been near the net, we could not help clapping. She turned toward us for the first time with a look of pleasure. Mary, who was on her mettle, gave her a great deal of running about to do, placing her balls very cleverly.

All of a sudden, when our excitement was at its highest, she flung down her racket and sank against the bank.

"What is the matter?"

"Is she ill?"

"Tired out?"

Lilias did not move. I ran across the grass to her, followed by the others. We were terrified by what we saw. Her face was deathly white; she was struggling for breath, one clenched hand was on her breast, and it was evident she was in extreme agony.

"Run for Miss Cuxon, quick, quick!" I cried, and one of the girls was off like a shot. We others stood silent, watching poor Lilias. She seemed sensible, but she could not speak.

It was only a minute or two before Miss Cuxon arrived, but to us it seemed ages. She had brought restoratives with her, and Lilias managed to swallow a little. Either the paroxysm was passing or it did her good. The struggle for breath became less painful.

"Has this poor child been playing tennis?" Miss Cuxon asked, in a voice that alarmed us all, and made Mary burst into tears. We had all come now to understand that she had heart-disease.

Miss Cuxon and Mary helped her indoors when she was a little better, and the doctor was sent for.

We were all very subdued, feeling, as indeed we might, that we were guilty.

"Will she die, do you think?" said poor Mary, creeping into my room after tea, which we had all of us made only a pretense of eating. "I heard Miss Cuxon say something about heart-disease, and I know people die of that."

"Oh!" I cried, clasping her hand in mine, "what shall we do, Molly?"

Mary's eyes were red with crying. She began again now.

"I don't feel I dislike her now," she said. "There must be something in a girl who can do a thing so well and say nothing. I believe it was because she minded for her sister's sake that she played then. She was fobidden by the doctor only this spring; Miss Cuxon told me so just now."

"She ought to have told us."

"I don't suppose she liked to. Well, it's a sort of comfort to me she played better than I. She didn't do it for nothing, after all. We all think more of her. I do, I know."

"I believe if she was going to die she would have fallen down dead," I said. "I've read of such things."

"I wish, dear," said Mary, in a whisper, "you'd pray about it. I have."

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Lilias was kept very quiet all that evening, and Miss Cuxon had her in her own room that night. The next morning, at her special request, Mary was allowed to go and sit with her. From that day she took Lilias under her special care, and her kindness seemed to act on the poor girl like sunshine on a flower. She opened out wonderfully, and we all tried to follow Mary's example. No one but her sister had ever been really fond of her before. They had lived in a quiet, out-of-the-way place, and had had no friends. They had played tennis together for hours and hours, and to that was partly due her proficiency.

Mary won the ladies' single in the tournament and had a pretty pearl brooch as a prize. But she would not keep it. She insisted on giving it to Lilias in the presence of us all.

"I should like you to have it," she said, "because you are our champion player."

This little act of kindness, so like Mary, seemed to draw her nearer to Lilias. I don't think she was ever so annoyed by her ways after it, and indeed, as she grew to know the unattractive schoolgirl, she learned that there was something to admire in her, and something to be learned from her. She was slower to look down on others, and I believe it was to Lilias she owed her first leaning toward a more serious view of life than her happy girlhood had yet led her to.

Lilias lived for some years, but at last died from heart-disease.

Putting an Elephant to Bed

By Louise Delisle Radzinski

I WONDER if any of our little people have seen a mother elephant put her baby to bed? I saw it once, and it was such a pretty sight I want to tell you about it. It was sunset time in summer, and the gentler animals of the Zoo in one of the great cities of the world were in yards and folds outside the buildings; when I reached the inclosure belonging to Mother Elephant, there were a large number of men, women and children standing along the fence.

Mamma Elephant had her trunk around her baby's neck, and seemed to be whispering and encouraging him as he rubbed his head against her knee. He stood a moment, then raised his head, flapped his big little ears, gave a flirt of his little cord of a tail, and trotted off by his mother's side to the centre of the yard; there she left him, and went to a pile of hay that stood in a corner; this she took up, bunch by bunch, with her trunk, so nicely that she did not drop a wisp of it, and spread it around her child, who had not stirred from the spot where she had left him.

When the hay had been all spread around the baby, the mother stepped into the centre and began to tread it down with her feet, the little one following her motions exactly, till a perfectly even space had been trodden down; then Mamma Elephant stepped out again, went to the farther side of the yard, and fumbled about the ground with her trunk. As she came back, her baby flourished his small trunk and flapped his ears, making at the same time a soft, grunting sound, as if he knew what was coming.

This time Mamma stood outside the baby's bed, and, beginning with the back of his ears, blew a small cloud of fine dust into the folds of skin behind them; then into those around his legs and under him, till he was thoroughly powdered for the night. This done, she again put her trunk about his body, the little fellow dropped to his knees on the carefully trodden bed, and after a few soft pats and a few soft grunts from his mother he lay as a well-trained child of the elephant family should.

The mother's work, however, was not yet done; she took up delicately the hay from the edge of the bed, and began tossing it lightly along his sides and up toward his back, till its ridge no longer showed.

When all was done, the small girl who had warned me not to disturb the proceedings heaved a great sigh, and, turning to me, said: "I would just like to know what they do it for!" So I told her, explaining the habit wild animals have of treading their beds to make sure there are no snakes in the grass; the necessity of dust-powdering the young, whose skin is tender in the folds, and who are troubled by insects; the piling up of the dry grass around them to conceal them from the possible hunter.

"My! they know a lot more'n some folks, I fancy!" said the little girl.—Outlook.

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Across the Four Bridges

THERE are four bridges which every boy setting out on the road of life with the hope of becoming a man, in the true sense of the word, must be always ready to cross.

These bridges are Truth, Obedience, Effort and Patience. The first needs courage to take you across it; the second, faith; the third, determination; the fourth, strength. These four qualities go to make up a true man. Over the first bridge lies Honor. Over the second, Peace. Over the third, Success. Over the fourth, Rest.

The Bridge of Truth lies often over such perilous places that we fear to trust ourselves to its apparently slender structure. But it is firm, safe, secure. The foundation of its buttresses is a rock. Climb over—it takes you to the high level of honor and freedom. Avoid it, and your path lies through the lowland of shame which shelves down to the pit of disgrace, where self-respect is lost and conscience dies, and from where no other bridge rises to lift you into the wide plain of freedom, where the hills of honor stand in quiet greatness.

The Bridge of Obedience is rough, and often seems the wrong way—leading from sunlight to gloom, from pleasure to pain, from success to failure. But sunlight, pleasure and success are false when found on the near side of the Bridge of Obedience to God's plain commands, to the voice of Conscience, to every true, noble instinct within us, to obey which alone can give us peace of mind.

The Bridge of Effort is steep and slippery, and it rises straight away from the flower-strewn ground of ease, but it leads at once to strength of character, to bracing of intellect, and eventually to success. This side of the Bridge of Effort lie the corpses of many a good intention, many a noble resolve; while beyond, the laurel leaves of a wider, stronger life are weaving a crown for the brow of His earnest workers.

The Bridge of Patience stretches on and on, rising gradually higher above the storms and torrents, the failures, the roughness and troubles of life, and it carries us away into the quiet land of rest for heart, and mind, and conscience, where the dark memories of passion, resentment or unworthy rebellion can never come to haunt us.—Great Thoughts.

Wonder Scenes in Many Lands

TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

On the Mighty Amazon

THE Amazon, if the Para River be included at the southern channel, is one hundred miles wide at its mouth. Para itself, the northernmost city of Brazil, lies at the gateway of the most wonderful river system of the world. It is the commercial depot, says the New York Tribune, for forty thousand miles of navigable water. The Amazon watershed embraces twenty-five degrees of latitude and thirty-five degrees of longitude. Its western sources are in the Andes of Peru and Ecuador, only a few leagues from the Pacific. Its northern tributaries traverse the borders of Guinea and Colombia, while midway the headwaters of the Negro mingle with those of the Orinoco in the western spurs of the Sierra de Pacaraima. On the south the Madeira has innumerable sources in the mountain levels of Bolivia, while the Tapajos, the Xingu, and the Tocantins penetrate the central provinces of Brazil. If a comparatively small group of southern provinces be left out of the account, the Amazon, with its tributaries, forms the water system for an area larger than that of the United States. It furnishes the only means of communication between the smaller centres of population in fully one-half of the vast territory of Brazil. Between most of its leading tributaries are broad stretches of impenetrable forests still unexplored.

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It is the Amazon alone that renders any form of government possible in the heart of South America. Within the range of the forty thousand miles of navigable water settlements have been made, rubber farms opened, and magistrates empowered to conduct local administration. Para, lying at the southernmost outlet of the Amazon, less than one hundred miles from the sea, is the metropolis of this wonderful valley. It is a city with perhaps fifty thousand inhabitants, and with as much commercial enterprise as is possible under the equator. The commerce of the Amazon is nominally carried on under the Brazilian flag. Foreigners are not allowed by law to own steamers or sailing vessels employed in inland navigation, and hence it is necessary for the English capitalists, who control the carrying trade of the river, to assign their interests to Brazilians. There are forty steamers owned by an English line which receives a large mail subsidy from the Brazilian Government for plying between various ports and villages on the main tributaries; and in return for this financial support it is well satisfied to fly the national flag. Another company has eight steamers under similar conditions, and there are as many as a dozen more on the river and its tributaries which sail under the Brazilian flag. These sixty steamers are gradually opening the Amazon Valley to commerce.

The forests of the Amazon, consisting mainly of hard wood, are not available for commercial requirements. The finest of rosewood and mahogany are used there for firewood. Even if there were a demand for the hardwood lumber at Para, it could not be logged and brought to market on a large scale owing to the density of the woods and the lack of roads and clearings. The one tree which is a source of wealth in these immense forests is the rubber tree. It is found everywhere, from the low-lying delta opposite Para to the Tapojos, the Madeira, and the Negro, and probably thousands of miles beyond those great tributaries. In the interior roads are impracticable, and the rubber trees that are milked lie along the rivers, where the farms can be approached. The milk can only be drawn at certain levels of the river, for the trunks of the trees are often fifteen or twenty feet under water after the rainy season. When the conditions are favorable, the bark of the trees is tapped and the milk drawn off in cups, to be compacted and rolled together layer by layer like a snowball. It is then cooked or smoked over a fire made of sticks—a process that involves contraction in cooling and imparts elasticity—and then it is ready for shipment to Para and New York.

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The operation of such farms and the opening of new veins of trees in the trackless swamps and forests require the employment of native labor under the most inclement conditions of equatorial heat and rains. If there be any quarter of the world where Nature seems to command inaction and indolence, it is in these vast stretches of the Amazonian forest. Nowhere else can existence be sustained with so small an expenditure of effort. On an acre of cleared land, beans can be raised in sufficient quantity to keep soul and body together, with the adventitious aid of nuts and fruits from the woods. A torpid, somnolent existence seems to be the imperious requirement of the climate. The Indians, half-breeds and negroes in the villages can live, if they choose to do so, with what may be described as the minimum of human labor involved in obtaining a livelihood. They instinctively resist all appeals to ambition and self-interest. The efforts of rubber farmers to induce them to share in the dangers and labor involved in exploring the forest and striking new veins of rubber trees are ordinarily futile.

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Romance of an Orchid

By Frederick Boyle

THE annals of botany are full of incident and adventure, especially that branch which deals with orchids. All manner of odd references and associations one finds there. I myself, having studied the subject, was not much surprised, lately, to meet with a tale of orchids and cock-fighting in Guatemala, but others may like to hear how the connection arose.

The name of the orchid was cattleya skinneri alba, one of the rarest and most beautiful we have, the name of the hero Benedict Roezl, greatest of all collectors. They raised a statue to him in Prague a few years ago, and the Emperor himself was represented at the unveiling. A most extraordinary man was Roezl; born, one would say, for the hazardous career he pursued for forty years with wonderful success.

The Cura once invited Roezl to his house—so to call an adobe building of two rooms, without upper floor. It stood beside the church, hardly less primitive. Roezl glanced at the roof of this structure in passing. The Indians everywhere have a pleasant custom of removing any orchid they find, notable for size or beauty, to set on the church roof or on trees around it.

In the course of his long wanderings Roezl had bought or begged several fine plants from a padre, but only when the man was specially reckless or specially influential with his parishioners. The practice dates from heathen times, and the Indians fiercely object to any desecration of their offerings. It was with curiosity rather than hope, therefore, that Roezl scrutinized the airy garden. There were handsome specimens of cattleya—skinneri most frequent, of course—lycaste, oncidium and masdevallia. They had done blooming mostly, but a belated flower showed here and there. In one clump he saw something white—he looked closely—paused. The plant cattleya skinneri certainly. How should a white flower be there?

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Wondrous instinct guided Roezl—the same which predicted that an oncidium of extraordinary character would be found in a province he had never entered, where, years afterward, the striking onc. harryanum was discovered. Men talked of Roezl's odd fancy with respect, but very few heeded it. He tried various points of view, but nowhere could the flower be seen distinctly. After grumbling and fuming a while the Cura left him, and presently he followed. That reverend person was an object of interest now. At the first opportunity Roezl mentioned that he was seeking a white Flor de San Sebastian, as they name cattleya skinneri, for which he would pay a good sum.

The Cura replied at once: "You won't get one here. Many years ago my people found one in the forest, but they never saw another before nor since."

"What did they do with it?" Roezl asked.

"Fixed it on the church, of course."

The man was stupid, but in those parts an idiot can see any opening for trade. To suppose that a cock-fighting Guatemalan priest could have scruples about stripping his church would be grotesque. If he did not snatch at the chance to make money, when told that a stranger would pay for his whim, it must be because the removal of that plant would be so hazardous that he did not even think of it. Roezl dropped the subject.

They ate—more especially they drank. The leading men of the village came in to hear the story of a cock-fight. Not one word on any other topic was spoken until they withdrew to bed. But Roezl was not bored after a while. So soon as he grasped the situation, his quick wits began contriving means to tempt the padre. And as he listened, gradually a notion formed itself.

The issue of the great match had been a disaster all round. In the first place, there was an antique feud with the victors. Secondly, their cocks had been defeated so often that for two years past they had lain low, saving their money to buy champion birds at the capital. And this was the result. In the assurance of triumph they had staked all they could raise upon the issue. That money was lost, and the cocks besides. Utter bankruptcy! No wonder the priest sent his boy ahead to break the news.

Despairingly they speculated on the cause of their bad luck from year to year, and it was in listening to this discussion that Roezl perceived a gleam of hope. The mules arrived with his orchids and started again in the morning; but he stayed behind. The Cura was more than willing to explain the local system of feeding, keeping, training, and, in general, of managing cocks. Roezl went into it thoroughly without comment, but when the leading parishioners assembled at night, as usual, he lifted up his voice.

"My friends," said he, "you are always beaten because you do not understand the tricks of these wily townsmen. What you should import from Guatemala is not champion cocks, but a good cock-master, up to date. I'm afraid he would sell you, indeed, but there is no other way."

They looked at one another astounded, but the Cura broke out: "Rubbish! What do we do wrong?"

"Only a fool gives away valuable secrets. If you want my information you must pay."

Weighty was the consultation doubtless. Presently they went in search of him, the whole body, and asked his terms.

"You shall not buy on speculation," said Roezl. "Is there a village in the neighborhood where they treat their cocks as you do, and could you make a match for next Sunday? Yes? Well, then, you shall tie up your birds in a public room, follow my directions in feeding, and so forth. If you conquer, you shall pay me; if not, not."

"What shall we pay?" asked the Cura.

"Your reverence and all these caballeros shall swear on the altar to give me the white Flor de San Sebastian which grows upon the church roof." The end is foreseen. Roezl carried off his white cattleya—the first ever beheld in Europe—and sold it to an English collector, George Hardy, of Manchester, for fourteen hundred and seventy dollars.

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In Islands of Seaweed

By Helen Harcourt

ONLY a bit of floating seaweed that the restless surf washed upon the beach, and yet the mere sight of it carried my thoughts back to one of the most important events in the history of the world, for its far-away ancestors well-nigh prevented the discovery of America. You know the story—how the ignorant sailors of Columbus became alarmed and almost mutinied when their ships sailed into what appeared to be a perfect network of impenetrable weeds. They believed that the thickening sea was a warning of Providence to turn back from their audacious undertaking, and it required all the firmness and authority of Columbus to bring them back to duty and obedience.

That wonderful mass of seaweed was something new and mysterious, and therefore to be feared. Later, when the Spaniards became familiar with its constant presence in that triangular space midway in the Atlantic between the Azores, the Canaries and the Cape de Verde Islands, they called it a "marine meadow." The sailors, however, christened it the Sargasso Sea, from the Spanish word sargazo, which means seaweed. Still, though satisfied that it was not of supernatural origin, they could not account for its existence.

Science, however, long ago solved the mystery, not only of this, but of other Sargasso seas. For there are several others, and they are always found, each, in almost the same spot. The diurnal motion of the earth, the never-ceasing rush of the tides and the steady force of the winds create, under the tropics, a surface current in the seas, which advances from east to west at the rate of about ten marine miles an hour. This current, which is called the equatorial current, or current of rotation, is only superficial, and extends in one vast mobile sheet which moves beween the tropics. It forms the genial waters of the Caribbean Sea and feeds the mighty Gulf Stream.

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At Cape San Roque it divides, one part flowing south to meet and be transformed into a submarine current by the north polar current; on the other side it bathes the shores of Guiana and Brazil. And then there is the "gulf stream of the east," which issues from the Bay of Bengal. Its waters, like those of our own Gulf Stream, may be distinguished from the bordering waters of the great ocean by their indigo tint. The Japanese call it the Black River.

Leaving the Bay of Bengal, this great, warm current passes through the Strait of Malacca, sweeps the coast of Asia, and then, north of the Philippine Islands, rushes out into the ocean, describing the arc of a great circle as far as the Aleutian Islands. Like the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, it moderates the rigor of the climates that it traverses.

The analogy between these two great oceanic arteries is wonderful, but it is enough for our present purpose to know that to their circuitous currents the Sargasso seas owe their existence. How? Well, this is easily explained. Drop some pieces of light moss, or bits of cork or wood, into a tub of water; then with your hand near its edge give the water a circular motion. In a moment you will see that all the floating substances will have collected in the centre. Continue the circular motion, and at the same time blow sharply against the floating objects, and they will change their position, but will not leave the vicinity of the centre so long as the rotary motion of the water continues. Observe, too, that this centre is comparatively calm. This is the explanation of the Sargasso seas. In the centre of the several circuits of the great oceanic arteries vast basins of comparatively still water are formed. The currents by which they are surrounded constantly throw toward the centre all floating substances, especially marine plants, and these, owing to the quiet waters, multiply with great rapidity, those that have lived their appointed time sinking out of sight, while new ones take their place. Even the action of the winds serves only to shift this position slightly.

The "marine meadow" with which we are most familiar, that of the mid-Atlantic, spreads over an extent of surface five or six times as large as the territory occupied by France. What a wonderful meadow on land that would be for cattle! And yet it is scarcely less so where it is for the creatures of the sea. This sargassum, or gulf weed, is rather odd-looking. Its frond is very long and furnished with distinct, stalked, nervine leaves and berry-like air-vessels on simple axillary stalks. It is found floating, or cast on the shores, but its true home is at the bottom of the sea, whence, becoming detached, it rises to the surface, buoyed up by its curious little air-vessels. The sargassum hardly looks "good enough to eat," but that it is both palatable and nutritious is abundantly proved by the many dishes that are prepared from it in many parts of the East.

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Catching a Hindoo Thief

TRIAL BY ORDEAL IN INDIA

SOME years ago I had charge of a postal division on the western coast, parts of which had seldom, if ever, been visited by a European officer. The people were, for the most part, simple folk and very superstitious. One morning I received information that a considerable sum of money, forming part of the contents of the mail from a head to a sub-office, had been stolen on the road. The whole affair was wrapped in mystery. The only clue the police had been able to obtain was that one runner, whom we shall call Rama, had since the theft paid off certain debts in the village which had long pressed upon him; but there were no other suspicious circumstances and the man had done ten years' good service. As a last resource it was determined to resort to trial by ordeal, and for this purpose an aged Brahmin, supposed to possess occult powers and to be in daily communion with the gods, was consulted and readily undertook to discover the thief.

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All the postal runners, a goodly array of sturdy Mahratta peasants, were summoned to the office, and under the guidance of a cheyla or disciple of the old Brahmin we all proceeded to the small, deserted temple of Mahadeo, situated at some distance from the village. It was a desolate spot and bore an evil reputation. The temple, owing to some desecration in the past, had been abandoned, and was almost buried among weeds.

The hour selected was about six P. M., and the long, twilight shadows gave the place a weird, uncanny look. The old Brahmin was awaiting us, and as we approached appeared to be busy muttering incantations. The runners all seemed to be more or less under the spell of the hour, but the look of real fright on Rama's face was quite distinct. The Brahmin, having finished his incantations, arose, and addressing the men, said: "You are about to face the gods; to the innocent the trial will be nothing, but to the guilty much. In the temple a magic wand has been placed on the altar. Each of you must go in turn, take up the wand and turn round three times, repeating the name of Mahadeo; the wand will stick to the hand of the guilty."

By this time it was nearly dark. I glanced in through the door of the temple. A solitary oil buttee threw a fitful light on the altar, on which an ordinary bamboo stick about two feet long reposed among grains of uncooked rice and cut limes, the whole sprinkled with red powder. A curtain was drawn across the door and the men entered one at a time. As each one appeared the Brahmin seized his hands and raised them to his forehead, and then allowed him to pass on and join his fellows. Coming to Rama he went through the same pantomime, but instead of allowing him to pass on, bade him to stand aside. When the last man had gone through the ordeal the Brahmin turned to Rama and said quietly: "Tell the sahib how you stole the money."

To my utter amazement Rama fell on his knees, confessed that he was the thief, and offered to show where he had hid the balance of the money. He had succeeded in opening the mail bag without seriously disturbing the seals; the postmaster had not really examined them, and so their having been manipulated had escaped notice. Needless to say, the Brahmin was rewarded, and poor Rama was sent to repent at leisure in the district jail. Now the natural question is, "How was it done?" Very simply. The temple, the lonely glen, the uncanny hour, the incantations, all were mere accessories to appeal to the superstitions of the ignorant peasants. The "magic wand" was thickly smeared with strongly-scented sandalwood oil. Rama's guilty conscience prevented him from touching it, as he firmly believed the wand would stick to his hands, and his, of course, was the only hand that did not smell of the oil.

Caught in a Souffleur

IN A MARVELOUS NATURAL BLOW-HOLE

THE exquisite beauties of the Gouliot Caves at Sark, one of the Channel Islands near Jersey, more than fulfilled my anticipations, and I reveled in them to my heart's content, for, for some unaccountable reason, we had them entirely to ourselves and had our first acquaintance with a "souffleur." Now the uninitiated must know that a "souffleur," or blow-hole, is a phenomenon not strange to many of the caves of these islands. It derives its name from the circumstance that a current of air gets, through a cleft or chasm, into contact with the water, and the motion of the waves at its entering point, which may be a distance away, influencing it like a pair of immense bellows the water is driven upward or sideways with terrific force.

Passing out of the main cave through a narrow, dark passage, in which there is always a considerable pool of water left by the tide, through which we had to wade, and turning sharply to the right, we suddenly found ourselves in the Tubularia Cave. This proved to be a spacious cavern of irregular shape, whose walls were literally covered with anemones and zoöphytes of every conceivable color, the whole being lit up by a brilliant beam of sunshine which entered the cave through a narrow passage cleft through the living rock. How this chimney-like window was formed I could not tell, but it almost seemed as though Nature had purposely pierced it in order to show off, to the best advantage, the marvel of beauty which would have otherwise lain concealed, for, though another entrance opened out to the sea, it was too low to admit direct sunlight.

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Long I stood lost in amazement and admiration at the fairy-like scene, and then, Lock reminding me that our time was short, we continued our explorations. To do so we had to wade through a second limpid pool, which shone like glass in the sunlight, enabling us to see the countless gems of life, both animal and vegetable, which it contained. Hurrying down the dark passage, which was already some inches deep in water, we plunged boldly into the pool, but found, to our horror, we were getting out of our depth, and though after frantic exertions Lock managed to force himself against the tide as far as the farther end of the passage, it was only to find that the water had already risen above the low entrance, entirely cutting off our retreat.

Quick as thought Lock shouted to me to turn back. It was well I did so, for we were only just in time to plunge under the rapidly disappearing archway into the Tubularia Cave. The few minutes we had left it were sufficient to effect a wondrous change in its appearance, and we found the water a couple of feet deep where before we had been standing high and dry.

Every moment it was perceptibly rising, and the tide, rushing in like a mill-stream, both from the passage we had returned by and the sea entrance, was turning the cave into a veritable whirlpool.

Small time was there to discuss our predicament, so telling me to snatch up the dog and follow him, Lock scrambled up the side of the cave to the chimney-like cleft. It was a toilsome and arduous climb, with the angry waters chasing us, and with nothing to hold on to except the slimy zoöphytes; but it was a matter of life or death, and, though we lacerated our fingers terribly, we at length reached the bottom of the chimney, where we could rest in comparative safety to discuss further plans.

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"Thank goodness!" I said, after recovering my breath, "we're safe at last, though I suppose we must wait here till the tide goes down. The worst of it is, I shall miss the steamer, but that can't be helped."

"It certainly can't," Lock replied, "but don't be so sure we're out of the wood yet."

"Do you mean to say we've got to wait here till we starve to death?"

"Well, the tide may fall sufficiently for us to get back the way we came; if not——"

And here Lock shrugged his shoulders as being more expressive than words as to the hopelessness of our position.

For a couple of hours or more we sat in almost unbroken silence, by which time the water had risen to where we were and compelled us to move higher up. Having once shifted my position, I determined to climb the whole length of the flue, and found that, though after the first ten or twelve feet the passage became much more contracted and slippery from its smoothness, I could work my way up with comparative ease, as the angle of inclination could not have been more than about thirty degrees. When I at length reached the end, I found, as Lock had predicted, that the face of the cliff was absolutely perpendicular, without, so far as I could see, the smallest projection or crevice to hold on to. Impressed with the impossibility of escape from that direction, except with outside help, I returned to Lock, and found that the water had already invaded the lower part of our refuge, so that we could no longer see into the cave. By this time the sun must have been nearly setting, though a warm glow still penetrated down the flue, enabling us to see the surroundings of our constricted prison, and I casually drew Lock's attention to the smoothness of the passage just above us. He gave a ghastly grin as he replied:

"I wondered whether you had noticed it."

"What on earth do you mean? Is any fresh horror in store for us?"

"Listen and perhaps you will guess!"

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As he ceased speaking I heard a strange gurgling sound, apparently proceeding from the Tubularia Cave, and some large air-bubbles, which were floating on the surface of the water, burst into spray. A moment or two of comparative silence, and then again I heard the same mysterious sound, though louder than before. Again and again the phenomenon was repeated, each time in a more intensified form, and the horrible truth was forced upon my unwilling understanding. We were in the throttle of a "souffleur," just commencing to blow.

Crouching down behind the only slight projection we could find, we awaited our coming fate. We were, at least, saved the horror of suspense, for barely five minutes had elapsed ere a still louder growl was heard, and a short column of water deluged us from head to foot. We had barely time to recover our breath, when another still larger column shot over us, nearly tearing poor Gyp from Lock's arms. Frantically we clung to the bed of the rock, as ton after ton of water was belched forth and swept past us with deafening roars, and, had it not been for the slight protection afforded us by the projecting rock, we should have been blown like feathers into the sea, or drowned like rats in a hole.

When matters were at a crisis, I noticed Lock hurriedly scribbling something in his pocketbook, the leaf of which he tore out and placed in his tobacco-pouch, which he tied up tightly with string and then fastened securely to Gyp's collar. "It's our only chance," he shouted, as the "souffleur" once more commenced to blow, and he threw the poor little fellow right into the teeth of the furiously advancing waters. I seemed to see, rather than to hear, poor Gyp's despairing cry, as the wind and water caught him, and whirling him round, shot him through the funnel, like a bullet from a rifle, into the seething sea beyond.

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It is unnecessary to describe the weary hours that followed, as, shivering and hungry, we sat there watching the deep shadows cast by the moonlight playing among the rocks. Impressive and weird as the scene was, we were in no humor to admire it. At length, about two A. M., the time of low water approached, and we cautiously descended into the cave, but alas! Lock's fears were only too true, for, though he lowered himself into the water, it was but to find that all chance of escape in that direction was completely cut off. We waited fully half an hour, hoping that the tide might yet fall lower, but by that time there was unmistakable evidence that it was again beginning to rise. With sinking hearts we retraced our steps, when a faint but thrice welcome shout broke upon our ears; and, upon our scrambling up to the outer entrance of the funnel, we were rejoiced by the sight of a body of men on the rocks below.

Barely a quarter of an hour—though it seemed longer to us—elapsed ere a stout rope was lowered from the cliff above, and our rescue accomplished, when we learned that poor little Gyp, who had probably at first been taken far out to sea, was found, more dead than alive, by a boatman near the Eperquerie. He carried him at once to the hotel, when the landlord immediately organized a rescue party, though he told me afterward that he had small hopes indeed of finding either of us alive.

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Apologies With Coupon Attachment

A TEACHER in a Boston school, who had been much annoyed by truancy, has recently been stringent in enforcing the rule that her scholars, on their return to school after an absence, must bring her a note stating in full the cause of such absence, the note to be in writing of a parent or guardian. The following is a note brought by one of her pupils after two weeks' absence:

"Louisa was absent monday, please excuse her.
"Louisa was absent toosday, she had a sore throte.
"Louisa was absent wensday, she had a sore throte.
"Louisa was absent thursday, she had a sore throte.
"Louisa was absent friday, she had a sore throte and could not chew her food.
"Read this over again for the next week."

The Prisoner

By Sam W. Foss

A MAN'S skull is his lifelong jail;
Behind its prison bars,
From its eye-windows, doth the soul
Peep at the earth and stars;
But unlike jails of wood or stone
Its prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed gales
Are blown from glens of gladness
And through its back doors music strains
Roll in in waves of madness,
And though he hear and heed each tone,
The prisoner still must dwell alone.

Though past the windows of the jail
Sweep scenes of solemn splendor,
And through the doors float hymns of joy,
Or dirges deep and tender,
The prisoner hears the mirth and moan,
But in his jail he dwells alone.

No lover ever knows the soul
He loves in all its sweetness;
The fullest love, however strong,
Is marred by incompleteness;
No heart is ever fully known,
The prisoner ever dwells alone.

—Whiffs from Wild Meadows.

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Legends of the Rhine

By H. A. Guerber

The Deserted City

THE little city of Oggersheim, besieged by the Spaniards during the Thirty Years' War, held out bravely as long as provisions lasted. But when the inhabitants saw they must either surrender to the enemy, whom they had incensed by their resistance, or perish of hunger, they were sorely dismayed.

One of the oldest councilors offered to save them, and revealed the existence of a secret passage which would enable them to escape in the enemy's rear. He now proposed to lead them all out during the night and to leave the enemy the doubtful glory of taking a deserted city. This plan was hailed with enthusiasm, and all the people left the town by a secret passage, one man only remaining to care for his wife and child, the latter being but a few hours old.

The Spaniards hearing no noise on the morrow, and seeing no sentinels on the ramparts, fancied the inhabitants were planning a sortie, but after waiting three whole days for an attack, they were surprised to see a man appear upon the ramparts with a flag of truce. He promised to open the gates, providing the inhabitants were allowed to escape with their lives. The condition was accepted, the gates opened, and the Spanish army were surprised to find streets and houses deserted.

"Where are the inhabitants?" asked the general of the man who opened the gates.

"Here," he simply replied, pointing to his wife and babe, and then he recounted how the people of Oggersheim had escaped, and how he had remained alone with his wife, who was only now fit to travel. The Spanish general was so surprised at the unexpected termination of the siege that he forbade his men to pillage or destroy the city, and when the inhabitants returned shortly after, they found all their possessions quite unharmed and their houses undisturbed.

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The Ghost Feast in the Castle

THE castle of Sonneck, with its tall tower, was first built in 1015, and was the ancestral home of a noble family of the same name. All the men of this race were remarkably fond of hunting in their wide forests, and the castle eventually fell into the hands of Prince Heinrich, who loved the chase so dearly that it absorbed all his time and thoughts. To be perfectly free to indulge in his favorite pastime, the young lord of Sonneck intrusted all his business to the care of a steward. This man sorely oppressed all the poor people, but Heinrich always exclaimed that he had no time to hear their complaints, as he must go out into the woods and hunt. One day, however, he could start no game. So he gayly proposed that he and his companions should separate and scour the forest in different directions, returning at nightfall to a trysting spot which he indicated. Prince Heinrich soon started a stag which he hotly pursued, only to see it vanish mysteriously.

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Then only he looked about him to find his bearings, and was greatly surprised to find himself in a strange place. Although he repeatedly blew his horn, no answering sound was heard. He was about to ride on, when he suddenly saw a gaunt, cadaverous-looking form rise before him, and heard a voice command him, in sepulchral tones, to follow. Involuntarily Prince Heinrich obeyed, and as he passed on he noticed with awe that the garments of his guide seemed covered with mould, and that he exhaled an ancient and earthlike smell. A few moments later they came before a building which Heinrich had never seen, and, still implicitly obeying his guide, he entered the hall.

There he saw a long table, on either side of which were seated ghastly-looking guests, who silently devoured the rich food set before them. They seemed to swallow it with contortions of pain. When he had gazed for several minutes upon this strange feast the guide made Heinrich a sign to leave the hall and remount, and led him back to the place where he had first seen him. There the cadaverous man paused for a moment ere he informed Heinrich that the silent guests were his ancestors, condemned to eat the rich food which, in spite of its inviting appearance, was as bitter as the apples of Sodom. This was the punishment inflicted upon them for their selfish absorption in their own pleasures.

"Be warned, therefore, O Prince," he concluded, "for our life is unbearable and our hearts constantly burn hot within us."

With these words the spectre pushed aside the damp folds of his mouldy garments, and there, between his whitening ribs, the Prince perceived a glowing ball of fire. A moment later the apparition had vanished, and Heinrich, looking in the direction of the palace, saw only a raging sea of flames, which slowly sank down to the earth, while heartrending cries and groans fairly made his hair stand up on end with horror. When the Prince of Sonneck arrived home his servants were surprised to find his coal-black hair and beard white as snow.

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The Weather-Vane and the Poacher

ONE of the weather-vanes in Frankfort bears a number nine, neatly pricked on its surface by nine holes. The legend relates that a poacher having been caught, and imprisoned in the tower during nine weary days and nights, complained sorely of the creaking of this vane, which, he declared, had prevented him from finding a moment's oblivion in sleep.

"Were I only free," said he, "I would show the good people of Frankfort how accurately I can aim, by shooting as many holes in that accursed old weather-vane as I have spent nights in this tower, and, what is more, those nine holes would form the number nine."

The jailor reported this speech to the city councilors, who, anxious to see such proof of skill, declared the poacher should be allowed to try and fulfill his vain boast. They added that if he succeeded in touching the vane nine times, and formed a number nine with the holes, they would set him free.

The poacher, brought before them, loaded his gun, aimed at the mobile vane, and, shooting, punched a hole in it. Nine times he shot, and each hole, round and near its fellow, helped to form the well-shaped number nine, which won him his freedom.

"The Fifty Dollars Seemed Like a Gift"

A lady from Cedar Rapids, writes: "Your check for fifty dollars was received. So easily was it earned that it seems almost like a gift. That sum, together with the additional generous commission, amounts to over one hundred dollars. So we reduced our church debt. Your plan is far more congenial to ladies than raising money for churches, fairs, suppers, etc."

But one of hundreds of cases where church debts have been decreased by The Ladies' Home Journal plan.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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